

THE  
H I V E.  
A  
SELECTION  
FROM  
MODERN WRITERS;  
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

*Embellished with*  
ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

---

— “ What would you have me do,  
“ When out of twenty, I can please but two?  
“ One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg,  
“ The vulgar—boil, the learned—roast an egg.  
“ Hard task to hit the palate of such guests!”

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1796.

H-I-V-E

CONVENTION

NOTES BY WILLIAMS



EDWARD...  
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THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF M. DE M——  
AND ADELAIDE.

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THE cities of Paris and Lyons, and the extensive department of the Vendee, were not the only scenes of horror which France exhibited during the tyranny of Robespierre; alas! there was scarcely a valley of that desolated country, 'whose flowerets were not bruised with the tread of hostile paces!' Robespierre could not have so long maintained his iron sceptre, had he not found, to use the words of Shakespeare,

'Slaves that took his humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life,  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law.'——

While Carrier ravaged the country of the west, and Collet d'Herbois laid the opulent city of the east in ashes, Le Bon hung like a destroying vulture over the north, feasting his savage soul with the sight of mangled carcases; and Maignet consumed the lovely  
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villages of the south in the flames of a general conflagration. The scene of Maignet's proconsulate was the departments of Vaucluse, and the mouth of the Rhone, those celebrated regions for ever dear to the lovers of the elegant arts, where cheering the gloom of gothic barbarism, to use the language of Ossian, 'the light of the song arose;' where, the Troubadours strung their early harps, and where the immortal Petrarch poured forth his impassioned strains. Divine poet! no more shall the unhappy lover seek for consolation in shedding delicious tears on the brink of that fountain where thou hast wept for Laura!—no more shall he haunt with pensive enthusiasm that solitary valley, those craggy rocks, those hanging woods and torrent-streams, where thou hast wandered with congenial feelings, and to which thy tender complaints have given everlasting renown!—those enchanting dreams, those dear allusions, have for ever vanished—that delicious country, the pride of France, the garden of Europe, the classical haunt of Petrarch, no longer presents the delightful images of beauty, of poetry, of passion; the magical spell is broken, the soothing charm is dissolved; the fairy scenes have been polluted, the wizard bowers profaned; the orange-groves are despoiled of their aromatic sweetness; the waters are tinged with blood; the hollow moans of calamity issue from the caverns, and the shrieks of despair re-echo from the cliffs; the guillotine has arisen amid those 'consecrated shades where love alone had reared its alters!—no longer with the name of Vaucluse is associated the idea of Petrarch; that of Maignet, the destroying Maignet, presents itself to the shuddering imagination, and the astonished soul starts back with horror—

*' I see, where late the verdant landscape smil'd,  
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild;  
O'er all the air a direful gloom is spread;  
Pale are the meads, and all their blossoms dead;*

*The*



*The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,  
And nature wears a veil of deadly hue.*—

One of the first acts of Maignet, upon his arrival in the department of Vaucluse, was the destruction of the village of Bedouin, situated in a country of the most romantic beauty, and where the benign climate fosters all the rich productions of summer, and forms a striking contrast to the eternal snows which cover the mountain of Ventoux, at the foot of which the village is placed.

A small tree of liberty which had been planted on a solitary spot near Bedouin, was, during the night, torn from the ground by some wretches who knew that this incident would furnish a pretext for pillage and devastation. At break of day the very persons who were the perpetrators of this act, one of whom was the president of the popular society, sounded a general alarm, and accused the guiltless inhabitants of Bedouin of the sacrilege committed against the hallowed symbol of freedom.

Revolutionary troops were instantly summoned to carry fire and sword through the village and territory of Bedouin. A municipal commission was immediately organized by Maignet, which presented itself wherever there was the hope of spoil, spreading every where desolation and death. Five hundred habitations were delivered to the flames; the fruits of the harvest were consumed, and the mandate of Maignet, fatal as the fabled wand of an evil magician, struck the rich and luxuriant soil with sudden sterility. The flourishing manufactures of Bedouin shared the fate of its desolated fields; and all that was saved from the general wreck were the treasures spread by the fruitful silkworm upon the tops of the trees by which it is nourished. A tribunal of blood was formed by the order of Maignet; every day the destined number of victims were marked by the public accuser; and the inhabit-

ants, who were unable to name the guilty persons, were all involved in one proscription. Those who escaped the knife of the guillotine sought for shelter in the depths of caverns, after the conflagration of their habitations, on the ruins of which placards were fixed, forbidding any person to approach the spot.—The hollow cliffs re-echoed the moans of the widow and the orphan. Two hundred and eighty young men of Bedouin, who had flown to the frontier even before the requisition in order to defend their country, in vain dispatch successive letters, inquiring with fond solicitude after their parents. Those gallant young soldiers will return to their native village, their brows bound with the laurels of valour. Alas! they will find their native village but one sad heap of ruins!—in vain they will call upon the tender names of father, of mother, of sister:—a melancholy voice will seem to issue from the earth that covers them, and sigh, *they are no more!* For those victorious warriors no car of triumph is prepared; no mother's tears of transport shall hail the blessed moment of their return; no father shall clasp them to his bosom with exulting joy, proud of their heroic deeds. Ah, no! their toils, their dangers, and their generous sacrifices, shall find no recompence in the sweetness of domestic affection, in the soothing bliss which, after absence, belongs to home!—alas! their homes are levelled with the ground; they will find no spot upon which to repose their wearied limbs but the graves of their murdered parents.—

The village of Bedouin was too confined a sphere for the destroying genius of Maignet. His thirst of blood was not yet allayed, his taste for desolation was not yet gratified. A wider scene of ruin fired his imagination, and his creative genius furnished the committee of public safety with a model for the law of the 22d of Prairial, which banished all judicial forms from the revolutionary tribunal of Paris. Maignet, after the destruction of Bedouin, caused, what he termed a  
popular

popular commission, to be erected at Orange, for the purpose of trying all the counter-revolutionists of the departments of Vaucluse, and the mouth of the Rhone, without any written evidence, and without a jury.— ‘Twelve or fifteen thousand persons are imprisoned in those departments,’ says Maignet, in a letter to Couthon; ‘if I were to execute the decree which orders all conspirators to be brought to Paris, it would require an army to conduct them, and they must be billeted like soldiers upon the road.’ Maignet therefore obtained the sanction of the committee of public safety, which was given without the consent of the convention, to his plan of forming a popular commission at Orange.

The committee of public safety named the judges, who by their conduct justified the discernment with which they were chosen, and proceeded with revolutionary rapidity in their work of death. ‘You know (says the secretary of the commission, in a letter to Payan) the situation of Orange; the guillotine is placed in the front of the mountain, and it seems as if the heads in falling paid it the homage it deserves.’ Sometimes, however, the majority of the judges of Orange complain in their letters of two of their colleagues; whose consciences had not altogether attained the height of the revolution. Faurety, the president of the commission, says in a letter to Payan, ‘Ragot, Feruex, and myself, are *au pas* \*; Roman Fouvosa is a good creature, but an adherer to forms, and a little off the revolutionary point which he ought to touch.—Meillerit, my fourth colleague, is good for nothing, absolutely good for nothing in the place he occupies; he is sometimes disposed to save counter-revolutionary

A 3

priests;

\* The military expression of marching *au pas*, to the beat of the drum, became a sort of cant term, much in use during the tyranny of Robespierre; and adherence to the principles and doctrines of the day was signified by saying, *je suis au pas*.

priests; he must have proofs, as at the ordinary tribunals of the ancient system.' Those troublesome scruples of two of the judges were, however, so completely over-ruled by the majority of their colleagues, that the departments of Vaucluse and the mouth of the Rhone became the scenes of the most horrible outrages against humanity. Multitudes had already perished by the murderous commission of Orange, and multitudes in the gloom of prisons awaited the same fate, when the fall of Robespierre stopped the torrent of human blood.

Amid the mass of far-spread evil, amid the groans of general calamity, no doubt many a sigh of private sorrow has never reached the ear of sympathy, and many a victim has fallen unpitied and unknown. Some of the martyrs of Maignet's tyranny have, however, found a 'sad historian of the pensive plain;' and the fate of Mons. de M——'s family, which I have heard related much in detail by an old female servant, who was the companion of their misfortunes, is not the least affecting of those tales of sorrow.

M. de M——, formerly a noble, lived with his son, an only child, at Marseilles, where he was generally respected, and where, during the progress of the revolution, he had acted the part of a firm and enlightened patriot. After the fatal events of the 31st of May, he became suspected of what was called federalism by the Jacobin party, which usurped the power in that city, and punished with imprisonment or death all those who had honourably protested against the tyranny of the Mountain faction. M. de M—— was warned of the danger by a friend, time enough to fly from the city, accompanied only by an old female servant, who intreated to share the fortune of her master. His wife died some years before the revolution; and his son, an amiable, an accomplished young man, of twenty-four years of age, had, a few weeks before his father's flight, been called

called upon by the first requisition, and had joined the army of the Pyrenees.

M. de M——, after wandering as far as his infirmities would permit, (for, although only in his sixty-third year, his frame was much debilitated by a long course of ill health), took refuge in a solitary habitation, at a few leagues distance from Ariquon, and in one of the wildest parts of that romantic country. The mountains seem to close the scene upon the traveller, till by a narrow cleft it again opens into a small valley, where this little hermitage, for such was the aspect of the dwelling, was placed. This unfrequented valley was rich with pasturage, and bounded by lofty hills, wooded cliffs, and, in some parts, by large grotesque rocks with sharp peaks, that rose above the foliage of the hanging forests. Not far from this rustic habitation, a clear torrent rolls with no scanty stream down a bold rock, into which its fall had worn grotts and caverns, which were luxuriously decorated with shrubs for ever watered by the spray. The torrent not falling from a very considerable height, produced sounds more soothing than noisy, and, without having the power of exciting the sensation of sublimity, awakened that of pensive pleasing melancholy. This sequestered valley, rich in the wild graces of nature, had escaped the decorations of French art, and no jets d'eau, clipped trees, and 'alleys who have brothers,' deformed its solitary recesses. Far above, and at some distance, arose the lofty mountain of Ventoux, covered with its eternal snows; that mountain which Petrarch climbed, in spite of the steep rocks that guard its ascent, and from the summit of which he gazed upon the Alps, the boundary of his native country, and sighed; or cast his looks upon the waves of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles, and dash themselves against Aignes-Mortes; while he saw the rapid Rhone flowing majestically along the valley, and the clouds rolling beneath his feet.

Such



Such was the scene where M. de M—— sought for refuge, and where he sheltered himself from the rage of his ferocious persecutors. He had, soon after, the anguish of hearing that his brother, who had a place in the administration of one of the southern départements, and who had taken an active part on the side of the Gironde, had perished on the scaffold. M. de M—— found means to inform his sister-in-law of the place of his retreat, to which he conjured her to hasten with her daughter, and share the little property which he had rescued from the general wreck of his fortune.— His old servant Marianne, who was the bearer of this message, returned, accompanied by his niece: her mother was no more: she had survived only a few weeks the death of her husband. The interview between Mademoiselle Adelaide de M—— and her uncle produced those emotions of overwhelming sorrow, that arise at the sight of objects which interest our affections, after we have sustained any deep calamity: in those moments, the past rushes on the mind with uncontrollable vehemence; and Mademoiselle de M——, after having long embraced her uncle, with an agony that choked all utterance, at length pronounced, in the accents of despair, the names of father and of mother.

M. de M—— endeavoured to supply to his unfortunate niece the place of the parents she had lost, and forgot his own evils in this attempt to soothe the affliction of this interesting mourner, who, at nineteen years of age, in all the bloom of beauty, was the prey of deep and settled melancholy. She had too much sensibility not to feel his tender cares, and often restrained her tears in his presence, because they gave him pain. When those tears would no longer be suppressed, she wandered out alone, and, seating herself on some fragment of rock, soothed by the murmurs of the hollow winds and moaning waters, indulged her grief without controul. In one of those lonely rambles, sacred to her sorrows, she was awakened from melancholy

musing



musings by the sudden appearance of her cousin, the son of M. de M——, who, after having repeatedly exposed his life during a long and perilous campaign, in the service of his country, returned—to find his home deserted, and his father an exile. Such were the rewards which the gallant defenders of liberty received from the hands of tyrants. The young man flew to his father's retreat, where the first object that met his eyes was his lovely cousin, whom he had a few months before beheld in all the pride of youthful beauty; her cheek flushed with the gay suffusion of health, and her eye sparkling with pleasure. That cheek was now covered with fixed paleness, and that eye was dimmed with tears; but Mademoiselle de M—— had never appeared to him so interesting as in this moment.

Two young persons placed together in such peculiar circumstances, must have had hearts insensible indeed, had they conceived no attachment for each other. The son of M. de M——, and Adelaide, who both possessed an uncommon share of sensibility, soon felt, that while all beyond the narrow cleft which separated the little valley from the rest of the world was misery and disorder, whatever could give value to existence was to be found within its savage boundary, in that reciprocal affection which soothed the evils of the past, and shed a soft and cheering ray over the gloom of the future. The scene in which they were placed was peculiarly calculated to cherish the illusions of passion; not merely from displaying those simple and romantic beauties, the contemplation of which softens while it elevates the affections—it had also that local charm which endears to minds of taste and sentiment spots which have been celebrated by the powers of genius. Petrarch, the tender, the immortal Petrarch, had trod those very valleys, had climbed those very rocks, had wandered in those very woods—and the two young persons, who both understood Italian, when they read together the melodious strains of that divine poet, found themselves transported

transported into new regions, and forgot for a while that revolutionary government existed. From those dreams, those delightful illusions, they were awakened by a letter which a friend and fellow-soldier of young de M—— conveyed to him, in which he conjured him to return immediately to the army, if he would shun being classed among the suspected or the proscribed.

Young de M——considered the defence of his country as a sacred duty which he was bound to fulfil. He instantly prepared to depart. He bid adieu to his father and Adelaide, with tears wrung from a bleeding heart, and tore himself away with an effort, which it required the exertion of all his fortitude to sustain. After having passed the cleft which inclosed the valley, he again turned back to gaze once more on the spot which contained all his treasure. Adelaide, after his departure, had no consolation but in the sad yet dear indulgence of tender recollections; in shedding tears over the paths they had trod, over the books they had read together. Alas! this unfortunate young lady had far other pangs to suffer than the tender repinings of absence from a beloved object! Some weeks after the departure of her lover, the departments of Vaucluse and the mouth of the Rhone were desolated by Maignet. Two proscribed victims of his tyranny, who were the friends of M. de M——, and knew the place of his retreat, sought for an asylum in his dwelling. M. de M——received his fugitive friends with affectionate kindness. But a few days after their arrival, their retreat was discovered by the emissaries of Maignet; the narrow pass of the valley was guarded by soldiers; the house was encompassed by a military force; and M. de M——was summoned to depart with the conspirators whom he had dared to harbour, in order to appear with them before the popular commission established at Orange. This last stroke his unhappy niece had no power to sustain. All the wounds of her soul were suddenly and rudely torn open; and altogether overwhelmed by this unexpected,

pected, this terrible calamity; which filled up the measure of her afflictions, her reason entirely forsook her. With frantic agony she knelt at the feet of him who commanded the troop; she implored, she wept, she shrieked; then started up, and hung upon her uncle's neck, pressing him wildly in her arms. Some of the soldiers proposed conducting her also to the tribunal; but the leader of the band, whether touched by her distress, or fearful that her despair would be troublesome on the way, persuaded them to leave her behind. She was dragged from her uncle, and locked in a chamber, from whence her shrieks were heard by the unfortunate old man till he had passed the narrow cleft of the valley, which he was destined to behold no more. His sufferings were acute, but they were not of long duration. The day of his arrival at Orange, he was led before the popular commission, together with his friends, and from thence immediately dragged to execution.

In the mean time Mademoiselle de M——, released by Marianne from the apartment where she had been confined by the merciless guards, wandered from morning till evening amid the wildest recesses of the valley, and along the most rugged paths she could find. She was constantly followed in her ramblings by her faithful servant, who never lost sight of her a single moment, and who retains in her memory many a mournful complaint of her disordered mind, many a wild expression of despair. She often retired to a small nook near the torrent, where her uncle had placed a seat, and where he usually passed some hours of the day.— Sometimes she seated herself on the bench; then started up, and, throwing herself on her knees before the spot where her uncle used to sit, bathed it with floods of tears. ‘Dear old man (she would cry), your aged head!—They might have left me a lock of his grey hairs. When the soldiers come for me, Marianne, you may cut off a lock of mine for Charles—Poor Charles!—It is well he's gone.—I see the guillotine

tine behind those trees!—and now they drag up a weak old man!—they tie him to the plank!—it bends—oh heaven!"—

The acute affliction with which young de M—— heard of the murder of his father was still aggravated by the tidings he received from Marianne of the situation of his beloved Adelaide. Her image was for ever present to his mind; and, unable to support the bitterness of those pangs which her idea excited, he again found means to obtain leave of absence for a few weeks, and hastened to the valley. He found the habitation deserted—all was dark and silent; he flew through the apartments, calling upon the name of Adelaide, but no voice answered his call.

He left the house, and walked with hasty steps along the valley. As he passed a cavern of the rocks, he heard the moans of Adelaide—he rushed into the cavern—she was seated upon its flinty floor, and Marianne was sitting near.—Adelaide cast up her eyes as he entered, and looked at him earnestly—he knelt by her side, and pressed her hand to his bosom—"I don't know you," said Adelaide.—"Not know me! (he cried) not know Charles!"—"If you *are* Charles (she resumed sullenly), you're come too late—'tis all over!—Poor old man! (she cried, rising hastily from the ground, and clasping her hands together), don't you see his blood on my clothes! I begged very hard for him—I told them I had no father and mother but *him*—If you *are* Charles, begone, begone!—They're coming—they're on the way—I see them upon the rock!—That knife—that bloody knife!"

Such were the ravings of the disordered imagination of this unfortunate young lady, and which were sometimes interrupted by long intervals of silence, and sometimes by an agony of tears. Her lover watched over her with the most tender and unwearied assiduity; but his cares were ineffectual. The life of Adelaide was near its close. The convulsive pangs of her mind,

the

the extraordinary fatigues she had suffered in her wanderings, the want of any nourishment except bread and water, since she obstinately refused all other food, had reduced her frame to a state of incurable weakness and decay.

A short time before she expired, she recovered her reason, and employed her last remains of strength in the attempt to console her wretched lover. She spoke to him of a happier world, where they should meet again, and where tyrants should oppress no more—she grasped his hand—she fixed her eyes on his—and died.

With the gloomy silence of despair, with feelings that were denied the relief of tears, and were beyond the utterance of complaint, this unfortunate young man prepared with his own hands the grave of her he loved, and himself covered her corpse with earth.

The last offices paid by religion to the dead, the hallowed taper, the lifted cross, the solemn requiem, had long since vanished, and the municipal officer returned the dust to dust with uncereemonious speed. The lover of Adelaide chose to perform himself those sad functions for the object of his tenderness, and might have exclaimed with our poet,

*What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;  
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb!  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade  
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.'*

Young de M—— passed the night at the grave of Adelaide. Marianne followed him thither, and humbly intreated him to return to the house. He pointed to the new-laid earth, and waved his hand as if he



wished her to depart, and leave his meditations uninterrupted.

The next morning, at break of day, he entered the house, and called for Marianne. He thanked her for her care of Adelaide; he assured her of his everlasting gratitude. While he was speaking, his emotion choaked his voice, and a shower of tears, the first he had shed since the death of Adelaide, soothed his oppressed heart. When he had recovered himself, he bade Marianne farewell, and hastened out of the house, muttering in a low tone, 'This must be avenged.' He told Marianne, that he was going to rejoin his battalion; but all inquiries after him have since been fruitless: this unhappy young man has been heard of no more!

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of ROBERT DODSLEY.

**R**OBERT DODSLEY, a poetical, dramatical, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1703. The humble situation and circumstances of his parents precluded him from the advantages of a liberal education; and to his misfortune in this respect he has alluded in one of his poems.

*"O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,  
Might these his rural notes, to future time,  
Boast of tall groves, that nodding o'er thy plain,  
Rose to their tuneful melody. But ah!  
Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse  
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome,  
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,  
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,  
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,  
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires."*

When he grew up to manhood, no better mode of subsistence offered itself than that of entering into service;



vice; and therefore he became a footman to the Honourable Mrs Lowther, in which station his good conduct and abilities soon brought him into notice. Several poems were written by him, which excited so much attention that he was encouraged to publish them; and this he did under the title of "The Muse in Livery." The collection is now little known; but the writer of the present article remembers to have seen it above fifty years ago; and, as far as his memory serves him at so long a distance of time, and upon a slight inspection, the work was printed in large 12mo, or what now would be called crown octavo, had a handsome list of subscribers prefixed to it, and was dedicated to Mrs Lowther.

What contributed still more to Mr Doddsley's reputation, was his writing a dramatic piece called "The Toyshop;" which being shewn in manuscript to Mr Pope, he was so well pleased with the delicacy of its satire, and the simplicity of its design, that he took the author under his protection; and though he had no immediate connection with the theatre, procured such a powerful interest in his favour, that his production was brought without delay upon the stage. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1735, and met with great success; and, when printed, it was received with much applause by the public. "The Hint," says the writers of the *Biographia Dramatica*, "of this elegant and sensible little piece seems built on "Randolph's *Muses' Looking Glass*." The author of it, however, has so perfectly modernized it, and adapted the satire to the peculiar manners and follies of the times he writes to, that he has made it perfectly his own, and rendered it one of the justest, and at the same time the best-natured, rebukes that fashionable absurdity perhaps ever met with."

The pecuniary advantages which Mr Doddsley had derived from his first publication, and from the success of his dramatic satire, were applied by him to a very wife and

useful purpose. Instead of adopting the precarious situation of a town-writer, he determined to engage in some profitable business; and the business he fixed upon was happily suited to his literary taste, and favourable to his connections with men of learning. In 1735, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall-Mall; and in this station, such was the effect of Mr Pope's recommendation and assistance, and of his own good character and behaviour, that he soon obtained not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also those of the first rank; and in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession. Mr Doddsley's employment as a bookseller, did not, however, prevent his pursuing the bent of his genius as an author. In 1736-7, he produced upon the stage, at Drury-Lane theatre, a farce entitled "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," which met with a success not inferior to that of "The Toyshop." The Plot of the piece is built on a traditional story in the reign of King Henry the Second. Of this story Mr Doddsley has made a very pleasing use, and has wrought it out into a truly dramatic conclusion. The dialogue is natural, yet elegant; the satire poignant, yet genteel; the sentimental parts are such as do honour both to the head and the heart of the writer; and the catastrophe, though simple, is affecting and perfectly just. The scene lies in and near the miller's house in Sherwood Forest: and Mr Doddsley had probably an additional pleasure in the choice of his subject, from the connection of it with his native place. In 1737-8, he brought forward another farce, entitled "Sir John Cockle at Court." It was acted at Drury-Lane, and is a sequel to "The King and the Miller of Mansfield." The miller, newly made a knight, comes up to London, with his family, to pay his compliments to the king. This piece is not, however, equal in merit to the first part: for though the king's disguising himself in order to put Sir John's integrity to the test, and the latter's resisting every temptation, not only of bribe-

ry, but of flattery also, is ingenious, and gives an opportunity for many admirable strokes both of sentiment and satire, yet there are a simplicity and a fitness for the drama in the story of the former production, which it is scarcely possible to come up to, in the circumstances that arise from the incidents of the "Sir John Cockle at Court."

Mr Doddsley's next dramatic performance was "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green," a ballad farce, which, according to Mr Victor, was acted at Drury-Lane in 1739, (meaning, without doubt, 1739-40), but the writers of the *Biographia Dramatica* say in 1741. This piece did not meet with much success. In 1745, Mr Doddsley was the author of "Rex et Pontifex," being an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime. It does not, however, appear to have been represented at any of our theatres. In 1748, our ingenious bookseller collected together, in one volume octavo, the several dramatic productions we have mentioned (and which had all of them been separately printed), and published them under the modest title of "Trifles." The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle afforded to Mr Doddsley another opportunity of displaying his poetical talents, in conjunction with his loyalty. On this occasion, he wrote "The Triumph of Peace," a masque, which was set to music by Dr Arne, and performed at Drury-Lane in 1748-9.

Mr Doddsley, in the year 1750, was the concealed author of a small work, which for a short time had a very great celebrity. It was published under the following title: "The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript; written by an ancient Bramin. To which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China to the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*." According to the pretended history of the said letter, as dated from Peking, on the 12th of May 1749, the Emperor of China, "very curious of searching after the writings of anti-

quity," commissioned one of the hanlins, or doctors of the first order, to go on a kind of embassy to the grand lama, or immortal high-priest of Tartary, the chief object of which was to obtain some of those ancient books, which were supposed to have been for many ages secreted from public inspection. He succeeded so far as to procure a number of valuable pieces of antiquity; amongst which, however, none had the preference, in point of age or merit, to this system of morality, written in the language and character of the ancient Gymnosophists, or Bramins, and translated in a style remarkable for its energy of diction, and shortness of the sentences, and which the translator judged came the nearest to the force of the original. Besides this apocryphal introduction of the book into the world, it derived some attention from its being elegantly printed on a fine paper, with a small page, and a very large margin, after the French manner. But what chiefly contributed to the popularity of the "Economy of Human Life," was its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield. This idea was strengthened by a letter that had been addressed to his Lordship by Mrs Teresa Constantia Philips, in which, to the no small surprize of the fashionable circles, she had complimented him on being the author of "The Whole Duty of Man." She had probably heard an account of the Earl's letters to his son. However this may have been, the notion that "The Economy of Human Life" was written by Lord Chesterfield procured it a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a height of applause, which it would not have obtained, if it had been known that it came from the humble pen of a bookseller. The Monthly Reviewers, though they gave to the work the praise which it deserved, were not carried away with the general report, but expressed their doubts concerning its authenticity. Neither were the editors of the Gentleman's Magazine among the number of those who were great admirers of the publication. After giving a short section from it, they added as follows: "The foregoing

foregoing extract takes up sixty-six lines, making four pages of the pamphlet; which, besides twenty-three of preface, consists of a hundred and eleven pages; but twenty of these are lost, by fresh titles to the several parts and sections. The pamphlet is printed on a fine paper, with a large margin, and is industriously attributed to a noble earl, distinguished by his fine genius, and the elegance of his writings and speeches. But our readers will perceive, that in the sentiment there does not appear to be any thing new; and that the style and manner are so much beneath the great original from which they are copied, that the precept is rather enfeebled than enforced by the imitation." Upon the whole, "The Economy of Human Life" is not without a considerable share of merit. The subjects are well chosen; the advice is good; the style is succinct, and frequently nervous; but the work, in general, is deficient in that strength and energy, that vividness of imagination, and that luminousness of metaphor, which pervade those parts of scripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in many of the genuine oriental writings. The popularity of Mr Doddsley's performance produced a number of imitations. There speedily came out "The Second Part of the Economy of Human Life;" and great pains were taken to persuade the world, that it was the production of the author of the former publication. Nay, this was positively asserted in the title-page, though the writer of the first work had advertised to the contrary; and indeed had repeated his public disavowal of making any additions whatsoever to the piece. Another pamphlet was intended as a kind of a burlesque on "The Economy of Human Life." It was entitled "The Economy of a Winter's Day;" and, though a short and hasty production, contained some pleasant strokes, and some sensible remarks. Next followed "The Economy of Female Life," by a lady, as was pretended; but the work was too dull and too insipid to have come from a female pen. Concerning another publication, which appeared about



about the same time, it may perhaps be questioned, whether it assumed its title solely from a principle of imitation. It was entitled, "The Economy of the Sexes; or, The Doctrine of Divorce, the Plurality of Wives, and the Vow of Celibacy, freely examined," and was a sensible and judicious performance. We have been the longer in our account of Mr Doddsley's "Economy of Human Life," as, from the extravagant applause given it for a time, founded upon the supposition of its proceeding from a celebrated nobleman, it affords an instance of the power of *literary fashion*; the history of which, as it hath appeared in various ages and countries, and as it hath operated with respect to the different objects of science, learning, art, and taste, would form a work that might be highly instructive and entertaining.

Our author's next appearance in the world was in his poetical capacity. The subject was "Public Virtue," and was intended to be comprized in three books, including, 1. Agriculture. 2. Commerce. 3. Arts. The first book however, which was published, in quarto, in 1754, was all that was accomplished by Mr Doddsley. It is probable that the reception and sale of the poem did not encourage him to complete his design. Indeed to write a truly excellent Georgic is one of the last efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to succeed in this species of poetry requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, exquisiteness of taste, and power of harmony. With regard to Mr Doddsley's production, there are, amidst its imperfections, a number of beauties in it deserving of applause. It contains several exalted sentiments, and the descriptions are often delicate and well expressed. But at the same time the diction is frequently too prosaic; many of the epithets are inadequate: and in some places, a sufficient attention is not paid to the harmony of the versification. The following address to the genius of Britain is pleasing:

"Genius of Britain! pure intelligence!

Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,

With influential energy benign,

To



*To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;  
O wake the breast of her aspiring son!  
Inform his numbers; aid his bold design,  
Who in a daring flight presumes to mark  
The glorious track her Monarch should pursue."*

In the year 1758, Mr Doddsley published "Melpomene; or, The Regions of Terror and Pity. An Ode." This piece we regard as one of the happiest efforts of his Muse. It cannot, indeed, be compared with the odes of a Dryden, an Akenfide, a Mason, or a Gray; but it contains several striking and beautiful passages. The two first stanzas will furnish no unfavourable specimen of the poem.

## I.

*"Queen of the human heart! at whose command  
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise,  
MELPOMENE, support my vent'rous hand,  
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise.  
From the gay scenes of pride,  
Do thou his footsteps guide  
To nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,  
Young Shakespeare, Fancy's child, was taught his various  
lore.*

## II.

*So may his favour'd eye explore the source,  
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:  
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,  
Bid terror shake us, or compassion warm,  
As different strains controul  
The movements of the soul,  
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone,  
To feel for others woe, or nobly bear its own."*

It was in the same year (1758) that Mr Doddsley brought upon the stage his principal dramatic production, which was "Cleone," a tragedy, acted at Covent-Garden. This play was offered first to Mr Garrick; but it was rejected by him with some degree of contempt;

tempt; principally, as it should seem, because there was not a character in it sufficiently adapted to the display of his own peculiar talents. Nevertheless, when it came to be represented on a rival theatre, he betrayed a jealousy concerning it which added no honour to his reputation. To prevent its success, he himself appeared in a new part on the first night of its being acted. This scheme had no effect; for the tragedy rose above all opposition, and had a long and crowded run; which, however, was not solely owing to its intrinsic merit, but was derived, in a great degree, if not principally, from the exquisite performance of Mrs Bellamy, who played the character which gives name to the piece. The prologue to "Cleone" was written by Mr Melmoth; and the epilogue by Mr Shenstone.

An imperfect hint towards the fable of this tragedy was taken from the "Legend of St Genevieve," written originally in French, and translated into English, in the last century, by Sir William Lower. Mr Pope, in his very early youth, had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards burnt; and he it was who had advised Mr Dodsley to extend the plan to five acts. The circumstance of "Siffroy's" giving his friend directions concerning his wife, has some degree of similarity to "Posthumus's" orders in *Cymbeline*. In the two last acts, the author appears to the greatest advantage; Cleone's madness, in particular, over her murdered infant, being highly pathetic. This tragedy has since been revived by Mrs Siddons; but so strong were the feelings which her exquisite performance of the character of Cleone excited on the first night of acting, that the house was thin on the second night, and the play was dropped. The minds of the audience were affected with such real distress, that it overpowered the pleasure arising from dramatic fiction, and theatric representation.

In 1760, Mr Dodsley published his last separate work, and which added greatly to his reputation: we

mean

mean his 'Select Fables of Esop, and other Fabulists. In three Books.' This is indeed a classical performance, both in regard to the elegant simplicity of the style, and the propriety of sentiments and characters. The first book contains ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables. Under the last head, the stories are wholly invented by the author and his friends; and this third part will not be found to be in the least inferior to the two first. There are two farther circumstances which give an advantage to the work over every former collection of the same kind; first, a "Life of Esop," by Mons. Meziriac, a very learned and ingenious Frenchman; and which is the only life of Esop that is consistent with common sense; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of absurd traditions, or equally absurd inventions. The second is an "Essay on Fable;" in which rules are delivered for this species of composition, drawn from nature; and by which these small and pleasing kind of productions, that were thought to have little other standard than the fancy, are brought under the jurisdiction of the judgment. The essay considers the fable regularly; first, with relation to the moral; secondly, the action and incidents; thirdly, the persons, characters, and sentiments; and, lastly, the language. This is one of the first pieces which has attempted to introduce regular criticism concerning the subject; and Mr Doddsley has been so eminently successful in his design, that we recollect only a single instance in which the propriety of his remarks has been disputed. Our author, before he committed his Essay on Fable to the press, subjected it to the revision of his literary friends, and especially of Mr Shenstone. When that ingenious and amiable poet's works were published in 1763, Mr Doddsley prefixed to them a short account of his life and writings. A specimen of Mr Doddsley's talent in smaller pieces of poetry may be seen at the close of the third volume of his Collection of Poems, by different eminent hands. By this collection, which was extended

tended to six volumes 12mo, he performed a very acceptable service to the cause of genius and taste, as it has been the means of preserving several productions of merit, which might otherwise have sunk into oblivion. Another plan, which was formed and executed by him, was "A Collection of Plays, by old Authors," in twelve volumes, of the same size. This appeared in 1744, and was a valuable acquisition to the literary world; but it has been highly improved in the second edition, published by Mr Reed in 1780. In the new edition, besides Mr Reed's excellent preface, some plays, before inserted, are rejected; and others, of greater merit, are introduced in their room. That eminently useful school-book, "The Preceptor," ought not to be forgotten; the design of which was framed by Mr Doddsley, and the execution of which was accomplished by several of the distinguished writers of the age.

In the course of his profession, Mr Doddsley acquired a very handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the active part of business. During the latter years of his life, he was much troubled with the gout, to which he at length fell a martyr, whilst he was upon a visit to his friend Mr Spence, at Durham. He was buried in the Abbey church-yard of that city, and the following inscription was engraved on his tombstone:

"If you have any respect  
for uncommon industry and merit,  
regard this place,  
in which are deposited the remains of  
MR ROBERT DODDSLEY;  
who, as an author, raised himself  
much above what could have been expected  
from one in his rank of life,  
and without a learned education;  
and who, as a man, was scarce  
exceeded by any in integrity of heart,  
and purity of manners and conversation.  
He left this life for a better,  
Sept. 25, 1764,  
In the 61st year of his age."

As an author, Mr Doddsley is entitled to considerable praise. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance which are sometimes more pleasing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of composition. In verse, his numbers, if not sublime, are flowing; and his subjects are well chosen and entertaining. His prose is familiar, and yet chaste; and in his dramatic pieces he has always kept in view the one great principle, *Delectando pariterque monendo*. Some general moral is constantly conveyed in each of his plans, and particular instructions are dispersed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue, at the same time, is easy, the plot simple, and the catastrophe interesting and pathetic. Mr Doddsley's Essay on Fable, will be a lasting monument of his ingenuity. With regard to his private character, he is equally entitled to applause. As a tradesman he preserved the greatest integrity, as a writer the most becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and on many occasions, he was not only the publisher, but the patron of genius. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained, and always expressed, towards the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of being first taken notice of in life. Modest, sensible, and humane, he acquired the esteem and respect of all with whom he was acquainted; and it was his happiness to pass many years in an intimacy with men of the brightest abilities, and whose names will be revered by posterity.

In 1772, a second volume of Mr Doddsley's works was collected together and published, under the title of "Miscellanies." The volume contains "Cleone," "Melpomene," "Agriculture," and the "Economy of Human Life."



## COFFEE-HOUSE SCENE, at ALEPPO, in SYRIA.

[From a Journey over Land to India, by Donald Campbell, Esq.]

**I**N Turkey, where the art of printing has not yet been known, where the circulation of literary productions is chained down within the narrow compass of manuscript, and where therefore the efforts of genius are repressed by discouragement, the business of story-telling makes in itself a profession, which, as it is acquired by study and prosecuted with art, is followed with considerable profit.

One day a friend (a French gentleman) who escorted me through the town, called to draw me out with him for a walk; he said he wished to shew me some of the caravanferas, observing, that he thought I should be entertained with a view of them. I agreed to go; and he brought me to two, which, after he had shewn to me, and explained their principle, police, and etiquette, I could not help admiring and approving. To both these were attached eating-houses, and coffee-houses, and every appendage that could render them convenient and comfortable. As we were about leaving the last, I observed my friend stop and listen attentively. 'Come hither (said he, after a minute's pause)—come into this coffeehouse, here is something going forward that may amuse you.'

We accordingly entered the coffeehouse, where we saw a number of people, some seated in the Turkish fashion, some on low stools, and some standing; and in the middle a man walking to and fro, speaking in an audible voice, sometimes slowly, sometimes with rapidity, varying his tones occasionally with all the inflexions of a corresponding sense. I could not understand him; but he seemed to me to speak with 'good emphasis and good discretion;' his action was very easy to him, though expressive and emphatical; and

and his countenance exhibited strong marks of eloquent expression. I could not help staring with astonishment at a scene so new to me, and felt great approbation of the tones and manner of this extraordinary orator, though I could not understand a single word he said. He was listened to by all with great attention, and the Turks (albeit not used to the laughing mood) frequently betrayed strong symptoms of risibility: but in the height and torrent of his speech, he broke suddenly off, scampered out of the door, and disappeared. I set it down that he was a maniac or lunatic of an ingenious kind, and was for going away. 'Stay (says my friend), rest where you are for a few minutes, let us hear farther.

The orator had scarcely been gone three minutes, when the room was filled with the buzz of conversation, a word of which I could not understand, but which my guide listened to very attentively. At length the buzz began to grow loud, and soon increased into clamour; when a scene ensued, of so very ludicrous a kind as forced me to cram my handkerchief into my mouth to suppress a laugh, or at least so to stifle it as to avoid observation. In short, they were disputing violently, and the beards were, as I once before mentioned to you, all wagging. I became more convulsed with mirth; and my friend, seeing that I was likely to give offence, took me under the arm, and hurried me out of the coffeehouse: we retired into a porch in the caravansera, where I gave vent to my suppressed laughter, till my sides were sore, and my eyes ran tears.

'In the name of God, my friend! (said I), tell me what is the meaning of all that extravagant scene to which we have just now been witness; who is that madman that spoke so much? and why did they all quarrel after he went away?

'Come, come, (said he), let us retire to my house, and I will there explain the whole of it to you, from beginning to ending.'

I accordingly accompanied him home, where we found a very gay circle assembled, to whom he described my astonishment; recounting my immoderate laughter, till they all laughed very nearly as immoderately as myself. 'You must know (said he, addressing himself to me), that he whom you took to be a madman is one of the most celebrated composers and tellers of stories in Asia, and only wants the aid of printing to be perhaps as eminent in reputation for making contes, as Marmontel or Madame D'Anois. As we passed along, I heard his voice, and knowing it, resolved to let you see him, and brought you in for the purpose. He was entertaining the company with a very curious, interesting, and comical story; the subject of which was avarice; the hero a miser of the name of Cassem. His misery and avarice are represented in it as bringing him into a variety of scrapes, which waste his wealth; and his character is drawn with such strength of colouring, and marked with such grotesque lines of humour—he related it moreover, with so much wit, in such admirable language, and embellished and enforced it with such appropriate action, utterance, and emphasis—that it riveted, as you saw, the attention of all his auditors, and extorted laughter even from Turkish gravity.

'But how came he to break off so suddenly?' said I.

'That (returned my friend) is a part of the art of his profession, without which he could not live: just as he gets to a most interesting part of the story, when he has wound the imagination of his auditors up to the highest climax of expectation, he purposely breaks off to make them eager for the rest. He is sure to have them all next day, with additional numbers, who come on their report, and he makes his terms to finish the story.'

'Why then (interrupted I), why did they who remained behind fall a disputing?

'That I will explain to you (said he): Just as he broke

broke off, Cassem the miser, (who, as far as I heard, seems as well drawn as Moliere's *Avare*), having already suffered a thousand whimsical misfortunes and dilapidations of fortune, is brought before the *cadi* for digging in his garden, on the presumption that he was digging for treasure. As soon as the historian was gone, they first applauded him, and then began to discuss the story, which they one and all agreed in praising highly; and when they came to talk of the probable issue of the sequel of it, there were almost as many opinions as there were men in company; each maintained his own, and they went to loggerheads, as you saw, about it—when the chance is a thousand to one, that not one of them was near the mark. One in particular surmised, that Cassem would be married to the *cadi's* daughter; which gave great offence to some, and roused another of the company to declare, that he was well assured in his conscience, that Cassem would be brought to the *bastinado*, or the stake, or else hanged, in the sequel.

‘And is it possible (said I) that a group of twenty or thirty rational beings can be so far bereft of all common sense, as to dispute upon the result of a contingency, which absolutely depends on the arbitrary fancy of an acknowledged fabricator of falsehoods?’

‘*C'est vrai, Monsieur!* and thereby they demonstrate the power of the poet,’ (for poet we may well call him); and *entre nous*, I doubt whether it is not more rational, as well as more fair, to dispute what the *denouement* ought to be before, than after the inventor of the piece has disposed of it, as is the practice with us. When he has once finished his fable, you will find them all content, and the voice of criticism silent. Now, in France or England, our critics lie *perdue*, in order to attack the poet, let him finish his performance how he may. But you will recollect, Monsieur, that in Turkey criticism is the honest spontaneous issue of the heart, and with us is a trade, where sometimes lucre, sometimes

vanity,

vanity, but oftener than both, envy and malice, direct the decision, and dispose to cavil and censure.

‘But we will go again to-morrow (continued he); probably he will be there to conclude or proceed further with his story.’ I agreed to this, and we parted.

On the next day we went; and not seeing the orator in his place, lounged about the caravansera, and going to another coffeehouse, found him declaiming with all his might. My friend told me, that the story he was now on was quite different from the former: however, we watched his motions so effectually, that we got the conclusion of the story of Cassim, which completely disappointed the prognostics of the two conflicting Turkish critics; for Cassim was neither bastinadoed, staked or hanged, nor married to the cadi’s daughter, but lived to see that extreme avarice was folly; and to be sensible, that to make the proper use of the goods of this life is to enjoy them.

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### A SATIRICAL TURKISH PUPPET SHOW.

[From the Same.]

**M**Y last letter has shewn you, that the conceptions of genius, though they may want the aid of the press to bring them in full and perfect disclosure to the world, will yet burst through their bounds, and find some means of communication with mankind; for though the art of printing be unknown in Turkey, the emanations of superior intellect and fancy find their way to the general ear through the medium of public declamation in coffeehouses. This letter will serve to shew you, that malversation in office, public delinquency, and all those crimes of the great, which with us are cognizable by no tribunal but that of the public press, are not altogether so exempt from the lash and exposure of the satirist in Turkey,



Turkey, as the want of that great palladium of freedom would dispose us to believe; and that, incredible as it may appear, the magistrates are held up to ridicule in public exhibition, satirized with all the extravagant vulgarity of coarse humour and unpolished wit, and exposed with all the bitter exaggerations of envenomed genius.

The French gentleman, whom I mentioned to you in my last as having procured me that pleasant repast at the coffeehouse, called on me a morning or two after that, and reminded me how highly I seemed to be entertained; said, there were often to be seen, by walking about and going into public places, a variety of things, which, however worthless and unentertaining in themselves, might, from the novelty of their appearance, and their unlikeliness to any thing seen in Europe, serve either to divert by their oddity, or promote the conception of new ideas in the mind: he therefore recommended it to me, with all the zeal of a person who took an interest in my happiness, to keep on my legs, and in the streets, while I remained at Aleppo.

You will conclude, that I readily complied, and we sallied out directly in quest of adventure. We proceeded, therefore, to one of the before-mentioned coffeehouses, where, as my friend observed to me, though there were no people of great rank, there was generally something to afford contemplation or amusement; and where, if nothing else occurred, the motley appearance of the company was sufficient to excite a variety of whimsical emotions, and suggest numberless ludicrous images to the imagination of an English or French man. As there was no orator at work declaiming, I had time to indulge myself with a more accurate view than I had before taken of the group that surrounded us: and surely never was ponderous gravity more ludicrously, or in more various forms, depicted by any caricaturist in the world.—Here  
it

it was to be seen, in all its shadings, from the self-important nod of serious cogitation, down to the soporific aspect of stolid stupidity. Not a muscle was moved in way of mirth, not a face disgraced with a smile, and I could not help thinking all the time, that if every nation of the earth was to take some animal for its insignia, as the British assume the lion, and the Prussian the eagle, the Turks might be divided in their choice between the appropriate claims of the owl and the ass.

Soon after we entered, a band of what they called music struck up a concert. And here again the notion of the owl and the ass struck me with increased force, as peculiarly presiding over their music; for no other combination of sounds that I know on earth, but the screeching of the one, and the braying of the other, could form any thing to resemble this concert, with which the auditory seemed vastly pleased, though I was obliged to betake myself to flight, in order to get relief from the torture it gave me. The Turks, however, as I retreated, honoured me with a few remarks, which, as I did not understand, I could not precisely feel; my friend however told me, they were to the effect that we were *Frangi Dumus* (Frank Hög), and had no more ear than that filthy animal for music.

Come, said my friend, do not be discouraged!—But the music—the music, interrupted I.—Well then, said he, the music, or rather the sounds, were execrable to be sure; they have at least served to establish this certainty, that there is nothing, however discordant or detestable, which habit will not reconcile us to. Doubt not, said he, that the best piece of Handel or Corelli, performed by the best band in Rome, would appear as ridiculous to them, as their concert did to us.

We visited many coffeehouses in the course of that day, in every one of which we found something to divert or disgust us; at length as we entered one, my friendly

friendly guide turning to me with satisfaction in his countenance, said, 'Here is something about to go forward that will please you better than the concert of music.' What is it? said I. A drama, returned he; a drama, to you most certainly of a new and extraordinary kind; and I do assure you, that so zealous am I to procure you entertainment, I would rather than a couple of lousies you could understand what is going forward: your hearty mirth and laughter, added he, are sufficient to put one in spirits. He then directed my attention to a fellow who was busily employed in erecting a stage, which he accomplished in a time incredibly short. The light of the sun was completely excluded, and a puppet-show commenced, which gave great delight to all the audience, and, ignorant as I was of the language, pleased me very much.

I was astonished when informed that one man only spoke for all the personages of the drama; for so artfully did he change his tone of voice, that I could have sworn there had been as many people to speak, as there were characters in the piece. The images were not actually puppets, commonly so called, but shadows done in the manner of Astley's *Ombres Chinoises*. They were, however, far inferior to his in execution and management, though the dialogue and incident evidently appeared, even to me, to be executed with a degree of the *vis comica* far superior to any I ever saw in a thing of the kind in Europe; indeed, so perfect was the whole, that though I knew not a word of the language, I comprehended clearly the plan of the piece, and many of the strokes of humour contained in the dialogues—The plan was obviously taken from a story which I have read in some of the Eastern tales, I believe the Arabian Nights Entertainments; and it is founded on the law of the country, that a man may repudiate his wife twice, and take her back again; but in the event of a third divorce, cannot retake her to his marriage-bed, unless she be previously married and divorced by another man.

To

To obviate which, husbands who repent having divorced their wives a third time employ a man to marry them, and restore her back again; and he who does this office is called a *hullah*.—In the piece before us, however, the lady and the *hullah* like each other so well, that they agree not to separate; the husband brings them both before the *cadi* to enforce a separation; and the scene before the *cadi* was as ludicrous, and as keen a satire upon those magistrates as can well be conceived, though of the low kind.

The piece was introduced with a grand nuptial procession, in which the master displayed the powers of his voice by uttering a variety of the most opposite tones in the whole gamut of the human voice; sometimes speaking, sometimes squeaking like a hurt child, sometimes huzzaing as a man, a woman, or a child; sometimes neighing like a horse, and sometimes interspersing it with other such sounds as commonly occur in crowds, in such a manner as astonished me: while the concomitant action of the images, grotesque beyond measure, kept up the laugh; horses kicking and throwing their riders, asses biting those near them, and kicking those behind them, who retire limping in the most ridiculous manner; while their great standing character in all pieces, *kara-ghuse* (the same as our punch), raised a general roar of obstreperous mirth, even from the Turks, with this whimsical action, of which I must say, that though nonsensical, though indecent, and sometimes even disgusting, it was, on the whole, the most finished composition of low ribaldry and fun that I ever beheld.

When they come before the *cadi*, he is seated in his divan of justice; but as soon as the complaint is opened and answered, he rises and comes forward between the two contending parties: here he turns to one, and demands, in a terrific tone, what he has to say, while the other puts cash in his hand behind, and in proportion as the cash is counted in, increases the terror of his voice;

voice ; he then pockets the money, and again turns to the other, and demands what he has to offer, while, in like manner, he receives the bribes from his adversary, and puts it in an opposite pocket : this alternate application lasts till the purses of both are exhausted, when, giving a great groan, he retires on one side to reckon the money of each from a pocket he has on either side, one called plaintiff, and the other defendant ; when balancing them, he finds plaintiff better by one asper (or three halfpence) than defendant, and pronounces his judgment accordingly. The defendant appeals to the bashaw ; they go before him : Kara-ghuse (punch), however, takes the defendant aside, and, in a dialogue, which my friend assured me was pointed, witty, and bitterly satirical, develops to him the whole system of magistratical injustice, advises him to bribe the bashaw, and, declaring his zeal for all young people, fond of amorous enjoyment, (which he is at some pains to enlarge upon to the excess of indelicacy), offers him the aid of his purse. The advice is followed ; the bribe is accepted ; the cadi's decree is reversed, and himself disgraced, and the mob at once hustle him and bear the hullah home to his bride with clamours of joy. Here, again, the master shewed his extraordinary powers, giving not only, as before, distinct and opposite tones of voice, but huddling a number of different sounds with such skill and rapidity together, that it was scarcely possible to resist the persuasion, that they were the issue of a large and tumultuous crowd of men and animals. With this extravagant *melange* the curtain dropped, and the performance ended.

Returning home, we conversed together on the subject of the piece, which, I confess, I could not get out of my head for some time. My friend explained to me, as well as he could recollect, a great part of the dialogue, and assured me, that the freedom of speech of Monsieur Kara-ghuse had from time to time created a great deal of uneasiness, not only to private offending individuals,



individuals, but to the magistracy itself—that no offender, however, intrenched behind power, or enshrined in rank, could escape him—that *cadi's*, *bashaws*, nay, the *janissaries* themselves, were often made the sport of his fury; that he was not more restrained in the effusions of obscenity which he uttered, than in his satire; that he was always well received and applauded, even venerated (as we venerate the liberty of the press), as a bold teller of truth, who, with little mischief, does a great deal of good, and often rouses the lethargic public mind to a sense of public dangers and injuries. He added, that in some cases, the magistrate had been obliged to interfere; and the *bashaw* himself was seriously called upon at times to stop the licentious tongue of this champion of freedom, *kara-ghuse*.

‘Well then (said I), it appears upon the whole, that Monsieur *Kara-ghuse* is a very great blackguard, but a very witty, and a very honest one.’

‘You have just hit it (said he); and if Master *Kara-ghuse* was to take such liberties in France, Spain, Portugal, or Germany, all his wit and honesty would not save him from punishment. In England you do not want him; every man there is a *kara-ghuse*, and every newspaper a puppet-shew.’

‘And yet (returned I), we complain sadly of want of liberty!’

‘That is natural (returned my sagacious Frenchman), perfectly natural. Liberty is like money; the more we have of it, the more covetous we grow.’

‘Very true, Monsieur (said I), pleased with his compliment to our happy constitution, and to clinch his observation, gave a Latin quotation, which, when a child, I got out of Lilly’s Grammar, ‘*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*;’ and then changing *nummus* for *libertas*, ‘*Crescit amor libertatis, quantum ipsa libertas crescit*.’

‘Tis very well, Monsieur (said he); and to carry

on your allusion, may we not say, that they who do not know when they have enough, are as dangerously wrong in the one case, as those who say we have too much are in the other? The English complaining of the want of liberty, reminds me of the coffeehouse orator's story of Cassim, who, wallowing in wealth, lost it all in the wild pursuit of more.—I hope, however, that they never will, like him, lose their stock in vain endeavours to increase it.

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ACCOUNT of MURPHY'S TRAVELS *through* PORTUGAL.

THE author of this elegant work remarks, that most travellers who have hitherto obliged the world with their observations on Portugal, represent it as a barren, inhospitable field for observation,—scarcely allowing it to possess a single object worthy to arrest the attention of the philosopher, the antiquary, or the artist: and indeed the contents of their pages appear to corroborate the assertion. Mr Murphy, however, thinks that a nation, once celebrated in every quarter of the globe for its discoveries and conquests,—that abounds with the most valuable mineral and vegetable productions,—that carries on a trade of great extent and importance, and possesses many of the most valuable colonies in the world,—must furnish an innumerable series of objects for the consideration of the historian, the naturalist, and the statesman. But he modestly adds, that his work contains only such casual remarks as come within the contracted sphere of his observation, and which are thrown together with very little art or arrangement. Notwithstanding the modesty of this apology, the work will by no means be found destitute either of useful arrangement or important information. The diaries of intelligent travellers, though mere memorandums, are more valuable than the voluminous

systems of compilers : and accordingly we think, that the historical details in this volume are by far the least important part of it. His original information is enlivened by a pleasant style, and by occasional displays of science and taste in the description of remarkable objects of art or nature. All the plates, which are very numerous, and well executed, are original, except the plan of Lisbon.

Mr Murphy's course was from Dublin to Oporto, which he reached in January 1788, and of which he gives a short description. The buildings would naturally be the first object to strike the eye of an architect. ' Oporto, in common with most ancient cities, has the defects of being narrow, and so irregularly disposed, that there is scarcely a house in it with four right angles. Hence, says our author, a stranger would be led to suppose, that the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid had not yet found its way thither. The corner-houses of the streets, in general, being obliquely disposed, render the adjoining houses of the same figure, as every one follows the crooked plan of his next neighbour. Thus all become rhomboids, and trapeziums, defects which at first might have been avoided by relinquishing a little ground ; but there are very few in commercial cities, who would sacrifice a few feet of their property, even for what Pythagoras sacrificed a hecatomb.'

On the churches he makes the following remark—

' The churches are large, strong, and magnificent buildings, but totally devoid of every thing that constitutes scientific architecture ; theirs is of a species between the Teutonic and Tuscan. The materials of which they are formed are excellent, and the masonry part not without merit. It is scarcely credible what riches are lavished on the inside of them ; the altarpieces, baldachins, &c. however defective in design, exhibit a profusion of gilding. Gold is certainly a very effectual thing to conceal the want of art or science,

science, or ———. And yet the Portuguese have some artists not devoid of merit, but unfortunately they are not encouraged. I knew a painter here, named Glama, who would do credit to any school in Europe, had he incitement to call forth the latent powers that were imprisoned within him: he was a native of Portugal, and had studied many years in Italy, where he acquired a correctness of drawing, and a chasteness of colouring, that indicated uncommon talents. Notwithstanding, he assured me, that he could scarcely eke out a miserable pittance, though he painted every thing that was offered to him, from the sign-post to the apostle.

A lady who resided many years at Oporto, relates the following anecdote of a rich merchant of that city, who intended to embellish his apartments with paintings: for this purpose he applied to Signor Glama, who happened then to have some valuable ancient pictures in his possession, which he was commissioned to sell at a very moderate price; but the merchant, who was a better judge of the produce of the grape than of the pencil, started with surprise when he demanded twenty moidores for a Corregio, and said, "That he had lately bought two new pictures of larger dimensions for the same money!"

Our author's journey from Oporto to Lisbon is related at great length. The account of the monastery of Batalha would, however, have been more amusing, or less tedious, had he omitted the historical notices of the several kings buried there. Such materials belong to the geographical historian: but we doubt whether they be the legitimate property of the descriptive traveller,—of the man who goes to collect facts, and make observations,—to tell us something we knew not before, or something we know not where else to find.

At Leiria, he witnessed one of those exhibitions which are still permitted to disgrace humanity, in a country

country of religious bigotry,—a bull-feast, which he thus describes—

‘ May 13th. The season now arrived in which the people are entertained with bull-feasts. After an absence of some weeks, I returned to Leiria to see the diversion, and was surprised to find the effect it had on the inhabitants, particularly the lower class, who, with every demonstration of joy, testified their attachment for that favourite amusement. The combat was exhibited in a quadrangular area, or square, formed by the houses in the middle of the city. The spectators were accommodated with seats gratuitously in the balconies of these houses, whence they had a complete view of what was passing in the arena.

‘ About three o’clock the diversion began, when one of the bulls rushed into the arena, smarting with the wounds he had received in the stable, which were just sprinkled with pickle. The combatants were about sixteen in number, each holding a spear or dagger in the right hand, and a cloak of red silk on the left arm. The enraged animal now ran at one of them, who, notwithstanding the danger, stood firm and undaunted till the bull dropped his horns to gore him, then he moved on his left foot from behind the cloak, and plunged a dagger into his neck.

‘ The greater part of the exhibition was but a repetition of such attacks; as here they have none but pedestrian performers, of whom there were two who excelled the rest in courage, execution, and activity; one was a Spaniard, the other an African. Each of them, in more than one instance, dispatched a bull at the first onset, by aiming his dagger in a tender part between the horns, in consequence of which the animal instantly dropped, and was not seen afterwards to betray the least symptoms of life.

‘ The most hazardous part was executed by a person who, unarmed, attacked one of these bulls. He threw himself between the two horns, and grasped the



the animal about the neck; in this posture he was carried about the arena, till disengaged by the united assistance of all the combatants, who overthrow the bull, which, in this instance, agreeably to the rules of the feast, became their property.

‘ When they found a bull that was stronger and wilder than the rest, they protracted his existence longer than usual, amidst the most excruciating tortures that ingenious cruelty could devise. The body was pierced in various parts, and a number of broken spears stuck into the flesh. Whilst the poor animal was thus bleeding at every pore, several tubes, filled with squibs and rockets, were fastened to darts, and plunged into the body. As soon as these were set on fire, he stood in the midst of the arena, tearing up the ground and bellowing, whilst clouds of smoke (which he inhaled in breathing) issued from his mouth and nostrils.

‘ Though there are many enlightened people in Portugal who do not approve of these barbarous entertainments, yet the common people are so attached to them, that it would be very difficult to abolish them immediately. By degrees, however, they might be put an end to, and some manly generous diversion introduced in their stead: civilization, it must be allowed, would lose nothing by the exchange, and humanity would rejoice at it.

‘ We shall conclude this subject with a short extract from a letter of Mr Upton’s, respecting Spenser’s *Fairie Queene*. “ In the tenth book of Heliodorus, you will find that Theagenes both tamed and rode on the back of a wild bull. We have at Oxford, now, a very valuable monument of this strange kind of sport.— This was a sport to inure the youths to warlike exercises, usual at Thessaly, and by Cæsar brought to Rome. But as Dr Prideaux has already treated of this subject, in his Dissertation upon the Arundel Marbles, I shall only add, that the modern bull-feasts in Spain seem plainly to be derived from this strange  
exercise

exercise and sport ; first begun by the Centaurs, who, from their hunting and driving away the herds of their neighbours, had their original names, then a public pastime among the Thessalians, afterwards among the Romans, and at last ending in Spanish bull-feasts."

The royal monastery of Alcobaca appears to be an object of great curiosity ; and Mr Murphy's remarks on the style of its buildings indicate a just taste and a critical eye. It would perhaps not be doing justice to a writer of his profession to omit them.

' This monastery might be said to commemorate three remarkable events, viz. the origin of the Portuguese monarchy, the commencement of the Bernardine order of Monks, and the introduction of a new species of architecture into that kingdom, which our antiquaries call *Modern Norman Gothic*. The church is entirely built in this style, except the west front, which is more modern than the rest, and exhibits a selection of the defects of the Tuscan and Gothic styles.

' On entering the church at the west front, one is struck with the grandeur of that general effect peculiar to the inside of Gothic churches, but very few possess that property to a higher degree than this. The prospect at the east end is terminated by a magnificent glory, placed over the altar, at the distance of three hundred feet from the entrance ; but the apparent distance is considerably more, on account of the narrowness of the nave, and the regular succession of the pillars, which are twenty-six in number ; that is, thirteen at each side. The longitudinal distance from the centre of one pillar to that of the other is but seventeen feet three inches : according to the rules observed in the best proportioned Gothic edifices, this distance is too little by one third. The proportion of the pillars is likewise defective ; their dimensions being greater than the impulse of the vaults requires. Indeed, the architect appears not have been acquainted with the *minimum*

*minimum* in construction, which experience or science taught his successors in this art. On the whole, there is very little difference between the architecture of this structure and that called Ancient Norman, or Saxon, except that the arches, instead of being semi-circular, as in the latter, are pointed; in other respects we observe the defective proportions and rude sculpture of the Saxon churches in every part: the capitals, in particular, are almost plain blocks; the bases of the pillars have but few mouldings; the ribs of the vaults and architraves of the windows want that depth and sharpness which produce an air of lightness.

'The east end, or choir, is of a semi-circular form, after the manner of the ancient churches, or basilisks, and which the Abbe Fleury supposes to have been made in that manner by the Christians, to imitate that part of the Jewish temples where the Sanhedrim assembled.

'The Gothic work which formerly decorated the choir, is now concealed by Grecian columns, with their appendages. This alteration was made about eighteen years ago, by an English sculptor, named William Elfdon, at the request of the friars. Nothing can be more disgusting to every admirer of antiquity, or indeed any man of the least taste, than this jumble of Grecian work, patched up in the most striking part of a structure, executed in the simple Gothic manner.

'As the church of Alcobaco is one of the earliest specimens of the modern Norman Gothic in Europe, and perhaps the most magnificent of the early period in which it was founded, we should be glad, were it not foreign to our subject, to give a more particular account of its architecture, and to illustrate the same by engravings. We should then be enabled to make it appear, that the conjectures respecting the origin of the Gothic style are not warranted from this edifice, as we find nothing in it that has the most distant resemblance to bowers or groves, to Moorish or Saracenic architecture,

architecture, whence the pointed arch is supposed to be derived.

'The west front of the monastery, including the church, which is in the centre, extends six hundred and twenty feet, the depth is about seven hundred and fifty feet. The inclosed space is occupied by dormitories, galleries, cloisters, &c. A Portuguese writer, in speaking of the magnificence of this monastery, observes, that its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and the church a basilisk.

'The better to convey an idea of it, we shall give the dimensions of some of the apartments. The kitchen, for example, is near an hundred feet long, by twenty-two broad, and sixty-three feet high from the floor to the intrados of the vault. The fire-place is twenty-eight feet long, by eleven broad, and is placed, not in the wall, but in the centre of the floor; so that there is access to it at every side. The chimney forms a pyramid, resting upon eight columns of cast iron. A subterranean stream of water passes through the centre of the floor, which is occasionally made to overflow the pavement, in order to cleanse it.

'Notwithstanding the magnitude of this apartment there is not an inch of it unoccupied from morning till night; for all the industry of the convent is concentrated in it; the operations are carried on under the inspection of one of the lay-brothers.

'The refectory is ninety-two feet long, by sixty-eight broad; the breadth is divided into three porticos by two series of stone-columns. The tables are placed next the two side and end walls; at the extreme end where the prior takes his seat, are two large pictures, the one representing the last supper, the other Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus.

'We should not omit to notice the cellar, as it is one of the most valuable apartments belonging to the monastery; there are forty large casks in it, which are supposed to contain near seven hundred pipes of wine.

'It is very remarkable, that these people, avowed assemblers

assembled for the purpose of studying as well as praying, have not a library in their convent, unless that deserves the name of one which is not larger than a closet, and scarcely contains as many books as there are pipes of wine in the cellar.

The north-west wing of the monastery is set apart for the reception of strangers; hence it is called the *Hospitium*: the whole extent, which is two hundred and thirty feet, is distributed into stately and convenient apartments. In the anti-rooms are some good pictures, particularly one of the Judgment of Solomon, and several portraits of popes and cardinals, very well executed, by a Portuguese artist, named *Vasques*; among the latter we find the portrait of St Thomas of Canterbury.

The rooms of state are furnished with the portraits of the sovereigns of Portugal, from the commencement of the monarchy to the present: they have been lately painted by an artist named *Antino Amarel*. I am sorry that truth will not allow me to say that they are well done; the painter appears to have been an utter stranger to light and shade, and had but a very imperfect idea of drawing. There is one portrait here, painted by a Portuguese lady, named *Josepha*, that is worth the whole collection.

This is followed by a particular account of the laws and customs of this monastery,—an inquiry into its history,—an account of the remarkable persons buried there,—and a critical comparison of the French, Portuguese, and Spanish tragedies, formed from the history of Ignez de Castro.

Of Lisbon, to which he now arrives, it is justly observed, that notwithstanding it is the constant resort of merchants and travellers from every part of the globe, yet it seems extraordinary that hitherto we have not been favoured with any satisfactory account of its arts, antiquity, police, or public buildings. Mr Murphy does not attempt to supply these points, unless by a few cursory remarks on such objects as came within the narrow



narrow sphere of his observation during a residence of ten months.

The site of Lisbon, he observes, 'is the most eligible imaginable for a metropolis; towards the north-west it is sheltered by a ridge of mountains, and opened towards the south-east. The buildings are raised on seven hills, with their intermediate valleys; the greater part of which command a prospect of the river, and of the country on the opposite side, called Alenteju; any disadvantage, therefore, attending the inequality of the ground, is compensated by the beautiful prospects its elevation affords; and its vicinity to the sea renders it at once delightful and healthy.' With its various advantages, Lisbon ought to be superior in riches, magnitude, and population, to any capital in Europe. Mr Murphy wonders that it is not so: but the wonder will cease, in a great measure, when we take into consideration the political and religious system of Portugal, than which nothing can be more unfavourable to the increase of population and the extension of commerce. In 1789, there entered the port of Lisbon, two hundred and fifty-two Portuguese ships, and six hundred and forty foreign ships, of which three hundred and nineteen belonged to Great Britain and Ireland. With respect to the origin of Lisbon, Mr Murphy leaves the whims and romances of old writers where he found them, but gives a translation, from Martene and Durand, of an account of a remarkable siege of Lisbon, in the time of Alfonso Henrique, the first Christian king of Portugal.

Of the population of Lisbon no exact account has been recently published. This is indeed a species of information at all times difficult to be procured.—Counting the inhabitants, we believe, is never practised: and calculations, if they could be depended on, are as various as the materials of a theological dispute. In 1780, Mr Murphy informs us, this city contained 33,764 houses, and in 1790, they amounted to 38,102,

—an increase in ten years which is very considerable :  
 —estimating each house to contain six persons, the population in 1790 will amount to 228,612. To these are to be added the religious, with their attendants,—the soldiery, students, and other persons,—perhaps amounting to 12,000, whose residence is not fixed. The fatal effects of the earthquake of 1755 are still visible ; but the inhabitants have reaped advantages from it similar to what followed the great fire of London. Their manner of building houses is rather singular ; the carpenter is the first employed : when he has raised the skeleton of frame-work, the mason is then employed to fill up the interstices with rubble-stone and brick. They say that the concatenation of the walls with the wood-work contributes to resist the slight concussions of earthquakes with which this city is constantly visited. His account of the buildings is illustrated by a view of one of the streets, which seems uniformly elegant : yet Lisbon still wants common sewers, pipe-water, and *chambres d'aissance*. There is no court-end of the town, nor a single house that will let to advantage merely on account of its situation. The *Ribeira Velha* is the principal mart of traffic : here are some warehouses belonging to the Hamburgh merchants, which Mr Murphy at first mistook for military magazines ; but, on a closer inspection, what he thought to be cannon-balls were simple cheeses, each about the size of a thirty-two pounder, and very nearly as hard. They are said to import annually into Lisbon sixty thousand of these bullets. After describing the *Praca do Comercio*, in which is the custom-house, he adds, of the latter building—‘ Here are no palaces for commissioners to dwell in, nor dark cellars for clerks to write in, nor cellars floating with water to hold *dry goods* ; whoever wishes for these *improvements*, will find them, and a great deal more, in the new custom-house of Dublin.’ In speaking afterward of the celebrated equestrian statue of Joseph I. the artist of which was left to starve, he observes, that ‘ Portugal, like Ireland, is be-  
 come

come celebrated for the manner in which at all times she has treated her native sons of distinguished merit. He instances, in the case of Portugal, Prince Henry, Admiral Pacheco, Magellan, Vernei, Vieira, Camoens, and Machado de Castro. From the article of public amusements we shall select the following—

‘The circus for the bull-feasts is but a short distance from the above theatres. This amusement is declining very fast in the capital. The performances I witnessed here were inferior to what I saw at Leiria, but not quite so cruel. And after all, perhaps the manner of tearing the bulls with mastiffs, as in England and other parts of Europe, is not less barbarous than the manner of tormenting them in Spain and Portugal; but we are apt to see defects in our neighbours, whilst we are blind to our own, like the Lamanian witches, who, according to the facetious Rabelais, in foreign places had the penetration of a lynx, but at home they took out their eyes, and laid them up in wooden slippers.

‘As we have already given an account of a bull-feast at Leiria, it is unnecessary to add that of Lisbon, which is almost similar. A scene of a more novel nature invites our attention; that is, the manner of catching black cattle in Brazil.

‘I was present at the circus when this curious spectacle was exhibited, the first of the kind, as I was told, ever represented in Lisbon. It conveyed a good idea of the manner in which the inhabitants of that fertile region catch their cattle. They kill the animals for the sake of the hides, which are brought to Portugal to be manufactured. Of the flesh I understand the Brazilians make but little account: they barely take as much as is sufficient for present exigence, and leave the rest a prey to the birds and beasts of the forests.

‘The circus was very crowded on this occasion: about five in the afternoon a native of Pernambuco entered the arena, mounted upon a spirited horse of the Arabian breed. The rider was of a copper colour, of

a strong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a loose mantle, somewhat like the paludamentum of the ancient Romans. The skin of a wild beast was thrown loosely over the horse instead of a saddle, from which were suspended two cords for stirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

'As soon as the cavalier had paid his obeisance to the audience, a bull, whose natural ferocity was heightened in the stall, rushed in, and had nearly overturned him in the first onset: the fleetness of his horse, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have saved his life. The furious animal pursued him several times round the arena, till he became tired, after which he stood panting in the middle of the ring.

'The horseman still continued his circular course at an easy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a slip knot at the end of it: having watched a proper opportunity, he cast it over the horns of the bull, and rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full speed till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that drew him on his back, and made the horse caper on his hind feet; nevertheless he clung to him by his knees, and, in this reclined posture, held the cord in both hands and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore-feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazilian dismounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle a short hunting spear, which, with an apparent slight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in consequence of which he instantly fell down and expired.'

Of the Loretta church, held in such estimation for its architecture, Mr Murphy thinks not very highly. The reputation it has acquired, he suspects, is owing to its being designed in Italy,—which is not such a recommendation now as it would have been in the days of Palladio,—the modern Italians being as inferior as

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a strong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a loose mantle, somewhat like the paludamentum of the ancient Romans. The skin of a wild beast was thrown loosely over the horse instead of a saddle, from which were suspended two cords for stirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

'As soon as the cavalier had paid his obeisance to the audience, a bull, whose natural ferocity was heightened in the stall, rushed in, and had nearly overturned him in the first onset: the fleetness of his horse, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have saved his life. The furious animal pursued him several times round the arena, till he became tired, after which he stood panting in the middle of the ring.

'The horseman still continued his circular course at an easy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a slip knot at the end of it: having watched a proper opportunity, he cast it over the horns of the bull, and rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full speed till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that drew him on his back, and made the horse caper on his hind feet; nevertheless he clung to him by his knees, and, in this reclined posture, held the cord in both hands and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore-feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazilian dismounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle a short hunting spear, which, with an apparent slight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in consequence of which he instantly fell down and expired.'

Of the Loretta church, held in such estimation for its architecture, Mr Murphy thinks not very highly. The reputation it has acquired, he suspects, is owing to its being designed in Italy,—which is not such a recommendation now as it would have been in the days of Palladio,—the modern Italians being as inferior as

other modern nations, and their taste corrupted by the Borromini, the Bibiena, and their disciples. He examines the other churches and public buildings with a critical eye, and occasionally throws out general remarks on sublime architecture, which evince a pure taste and correct judgment.

The laws of Portugal, it would appear, have been rendered somewhat more mild of late years. On them, we have the following observations—

‘The king in person is supposed to preside in all criminal courts of judicature, and the judges, who derive their authority immediately from him, may pronounce sentence of death on delinquents tried and found guilty; but execution is expressly forbidden till the expiration of twenty days after said sentence, in order that the criminal may have an opportunity of reviewing his trial, and protesting against such points in it as do not exactly bear upon the offence. This law was first promulged by Alfonso the Second, at Coimbra, in the year 1211.

‘Several prisoners, pursuant to this decree, have protracted their lives for many years. A striking instance of this appeared during the administration of the Marquis de Pombal; this minister ordered a return to be made of all the prisoners in the kingdom, with the nature of their alledged crimes, and duration of confinement. The abuses practised by the officers of the prisons gave rise to the inquiry, for it was customary with the gaolers to liberate the prisoners on their parole, on receiving a proportionate gratuity.

Among the number thus enlarged, there happened one on whom sentence of death had been passed seven years anterior to the above order; during which interval he lived in the country, and earned his bread very honestly. The gaoler now summoned him to appear, he instantly obeyed, re-entered the condemned cell, and was ordered for execution; but on a representation of his conduct being made to the king, he was pardoned in consideration of his punctual regard to his promise,  
and

and the blameless character he maintained in the neighbourhood wherein he worked.

‘There is one great defect in the administration of the criminal law, which calls loudly for redress. Prisoners committed on alledged crimes are suffered to remain many years in prison before they are brought to trial. If in the interval an innocent man should die, he sinks into the grave with all the accumulated infamy of a delinquent.

‘During the reign of John the Second, and of his successor Emanuel, criminals, instead of being put to death, were employed in the Portuguese fleets that visited Africa or Asia, and sent upon hazardous expeditions in the newly discovered countries. If they succeeded in the object of their enterprise, their crimes were expiated for the service they rendered to the state; and it was not unusual to find men of this description, after a few years, reformed in mind and manners, and become useful members of society. The punishment of transporting criminals to foreign settlements also originated with the Portuguese, a mode of punishment, perhaps of all others, attended with the most salutary consequences to the criminal and the community.

The clergy, I am informed, are not confined for offences in the common prisons, there is one called the Aljube set apart for them; this prison is situate near the patriarchal church, and under the jurisdiction of the patriarch. Formerly the clergy could only be arraigned by the canon law; but this privilege has been lately set aside; they are now amenable to the civil law, an ordinance which gives great satisfaction to the kingdom at large.

There is a prison at the south end of the city, on the verge of the Tagus, which at present is unoccupied. During the administration of the potent minister, it was much crowded, particularly when the edict was first issued for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

' This prison may be considered as the Bastile of Portugal; the strength of its walls, gratings, and cells, strike the spectator with horror; and what renders it still more terrific, is a contiguous rope-walk, in which many an unhappy prisoner imagined he saw his destiny spun.

' Imprisonment for debt was abolished by an edict in 1774; in its stead the law has prescribed a more equitable mode, to satisfy the reasonable demands of the creditor.'

' Mr Murphy's description of the manners of the several classes in Portugal is one of the most entertaining articles in the book; but we must content ourselves with referring to it, except in the following particulars respecting the ladies—

' The ladies seldom breathe the pure air, except in their short excursions to the next chapel, which they visit at least once a-day.

' The Portuguese ladies possess many amiable qualities; they are chaste, modest, and extremely affectionate to their kindred. No woman goes out of doors without the permission of her husband or parents. To avoid all suspicion, men, even though relations, are not allowed to visit their apartments, or to sit beside them in public places. Hence their lovers are seldom gratified with a sight of them, except in the churches; here they make signs and signals;

*Address and compliment by vision,*

*Make love and court by intuition.*

HUDIBRAS.

' Notwithstanding the watchful eye of the Duenna, the lovers contrive to exchange *billet-doux*, and that in so subtle a manner, that none can perceive it whose breast glows not with a similar flame. The little boys who attend at the altar are often the messengers on these occasions. When one of these wingless cupids receives the letter, he makes his way through the audience till he approaches the fair one, then he throws himself

himself on his knees, repeating his *Ave maris stella*, and beating his breast; after finishing his ejaculations, and crossing his forehead, he falls on his face and hands, and fervently kisses the ground; in the mean time he conveys the letter under the lady's drapery, and brings back another.

' At other times, when the lovers are coming out of the church, their hands meet as it were by chance in the holy water font; by this means they exchange billets, and enjoy the delectable pleasure of pressing each other's fingers.

' Various are the contrivances to which they are compelled to resort, in order to elude suspicion; and in no part of their lives do they evince more prudence than during their courtship. Their natural disposition to secrecy is the means of their continuing for years under the impression of the tender passion; and they must have fallen victims to it, were it not that refined, that virtuous love, which Guevara describes:

*' Arde y no quema; alumbra y no danna; quema y no consume, resplende y no lastima; purifica y no ambrafa; y aun calienta y no congoxa.*

' It glows, but scorches not; it enlightens, but hurts not; it consumes not, though it burns; it dazzles not, though it glitters; it refines, without destroying; and though it be hot, yet it is not painful.

' Marriage-feasts are attended with vast expence: the resources of the lower class are often exhausted in the preparations made on these occasions. The nuptial bed-chamber is ornamented in the most costly manner, with silks, brocades, and flowers; even the wedding-sheets are trimmed with the finest lace.

' In their christenings and funerals also they are very extravagant; but in other respects very frugal and temperate, particularly the females, who seldom drink any thing but water; if they drink wine, it gives rise to suspicion of their chastity, and suspicion is often held tantamount to a crime. The Empress Dona Leanor,



daughter of Edward King of Portugal, endeavoured to introduce the like custom among the German ladies ; but neither her Majesty's example or persuasion could induce them to exchange the "milk of Venus" for the limpid rill.

' The abstemiousness of the Portuguese ladies is conspicuous in their countenance, which is pale, tranquil, and modest ; those who accustom themselves to exercise have, nevertheless, a beautiful carnation. Their eyes are black and expressive ; their teeth extremely white and regular. In conversation they are polite and agreeable ; in manners assuasive and unaffected. The form of their dress does not undergo a change, perhaps once in an age ; milliners, perfumers, and fancy-dress-makers are professions as unknown in Lisbon as in ancient Lacedæmon.

' Widows are allowed to marry, but they do not avail themselves of that privilege as often as in other countries. There are many Portuguese, particularly those of the good old stock, who look upon it as a species of adultery sanctioned by the law.

' Women do not assume the family names of their husbands, as with us. In all the vicissitudes of matrimony they retain their maiden names.'

Mr Murphy's character of the people is followed by some valuable remarks on the same subject, which he collected from a native of Malta, a sensible and well-informed man. This part of the work contains an account of the Jews, and some historical details that are curious, and shew our author possessed of a laudable spirit of research. Leaving Lisbon, he visits Cintra, Mafra, Setuval, Beja, and Évora, which are accurately described, and their various edifices and antiquities illustrated by plates,—which renders it necessary for us to refer the reader to the work itself.

Upon the whole, Mr Murphy appears to have made a very considerable addition to our knowledge of Portugal ; and many of his materials will be found valuable  
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in a history of that country. Of the people and manners he certainly speaks, we cannot say with more partiality, but in a manner far more favourable, than any of our late travellers. He met with a sober, kind, and hospitable peasantry, and with men of enlarged and liberal minds in the upper classes; he saw a nation of devotees whose sincerity he had no reason to suspect, and a class of nobles whose characters were not disgraced by public licentiousness. It is some time before the impressions these circumstances make can be effaced, and before we return from the gay comforts of hospitality, and the elegant gratifications of curiosity, to brood over the miseries of a people, whose religion is superstition contending against nature, and whose government is despotism revolting against reason.

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*The HINDOO ACCOUNT of the CREATION of the  
WORLD.*

A PERIOD of many millions of years, according to the Hindoo historians, has elapsed since the Almighty fiat produced *creation*. Of that magnificent event, we are informed, in the Ayeen Akberry, that there are no less than eighteen different opinions prevailing in Hindostan, three of which that book enumerates, and affirms the last of the three to be the opinion most generally received. It is extracted from a book called *Surya Sudhant*, a book containing the true principles of the Hindoo astronomy; and it is there related, that towards the end of the Satya Yug, or first revolution of the world, a devout person, named Mydeyit, struck with awe and astonishment on a survey of the wonders of creation, became anxiously desirous to know the true history of that event; and for that purpose supplicated the *Sun* for the space of a thousand years. The illuminator of heaven and earth at length appeared to Mydeyit under a beautiful form, and asked him what

was

was his desire? Mydeyit answered, "Draw back the veil that conceals the wonders of the stars, and of the heavens; discover to me the things that are hidden; instruct me in the divine mysteries, and bestow upon the ignorant the light of knowledge." The celestial form replied, "Employ thyself in a certain place in worshipping me, when quickly a form shall appear, who will instruct thee in regard to these things." At the appointed place, the promised figure appeared, and the substance of the information, as recorded in the book above mentioned, was, that the Almighty formed a hollow sphere of gold, composed of two parts, to which he imparted a ray of his own light, and it became the *Sun*. The sun produced the twelve celestial signs, and the signs produced the four *Vedas*. Then were created the *Moon*, the *Akash*, or ætherial light, *Air*, *Fire*, *Water*, *Earth*, &c. I forbear to prolong this relation, because, however indefatigable might have been the minister of Akber, in his efforts to procure authentic intelligence concerning the opinions of the Hindoos on this and other subjects, the English, in more modern times, have been still more successful in penetrating the obscurity that had so long veiled both their history and philosophy.

### THE BAGPIPER : A FRAGMENT.

ATTEMPTED AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

I HAD just quaffed my last glass of claret, and being determined immediately to leave the tavern, was going to rise out of my arm-chair, when the notes of a Highland bagpipe saluted my ear, wild and rural indeed; but the notes, though wild and rural, were pleasing to my imagination, which they wafted in a moment from Calcutta to a Highland heath!

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right-cheek suspended on my right-hand, after having listened for some time to the tune of 'Over the hills and far awa,' in a kind of transport, impelled by curiosity, I gently raised my head to gaze at the musician, who thus chanted 'His wood notes wild!'—Philo Yorick!—the figure which then presented itself to thy view, will not readily be effaced from thy remembrance!—A Reynolds, indeed, might do it justice, yet, if thy pen but feebly attempts to do so, the attempt perhaps may be pardoned.

He was a venerable figure, whose face discovered the roses of youth, blushing among the furrows of old age. His silver hairs flowed in clustering ringlets down his neck, and reached forward half way over his brows, which rose loftily above a pair of eyes, from which benignant delight to glance, and which sparkled with youthful animation. Every feature of his face, indeed, expressed amiability, and almost seemed to glow with transport and pleasure, while in a foreign land he played the antique tunes of his native country.

Thus far, Philo Yorick, thy soul was pleased with a survey of the venerable musician; till casting a glance downward, and beholding he had lost a leg!—something caused a sigh to rise from thy bosom, and a tear to steal into thine eye.—The musician, as he watched my motions, observed this—his fingers and elbow forgot to move,—the notes of his pipes ceased, and with a slow modest carriage—he approached me.

We gazed insensibly at each other; Sympathy—blessed Sympathy—caused a second sigh to escape my bosom, and another to rise from his:—Young man, said he, looking earnestly in my face,—pressing one of my hands between his—and holding up his wooden stump,—Young man—said he—you seem to be affected at seeing this!

I was just thinking, returned I, that in your situation—so far from home—you are much to be pitied!—

And did you drop a tear on that account? rejoined he—

he—Remember, the limb was lost when fighting for my country!

The question—joined to the admonitory observation which followed it—had such an effect upon me—that a conscious blush stole into my cheeks,—and—but my pen fails!—this man was an old soldier!

ANECDOTE of FRANCIS II. *the present Emperor of*  
GERMANY.

[From 'Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia, by Mr PRATT.]

**NONE** of the princes of Germany have higher claims on the love of the people, or the eulogy of the modern bards, than the amiable and youthful monarch, who now fills the imperial throne. Of his warlike achievements during the present campaign, the trump of fame has sufficiently informed you; but there is a trait of his *heart* in private and domestic life, which I receive from the most unquestionable authority, and which will endear him to you more than a thousand victories.

Joseph the Second, who was an economist, left to Leopold, who did not live long enough after he became emperor to dissipate (them), an unincumbered diadem and immense treasures. These all concentrated in the present emperor, to whom was bequeathed the disposal of them, so unconditionally, that the dowager-empress, his mother, was in a manner rather a dependant on his bounty, than possessed of powers in herself to claim as widow, wife, and mother. No sooner did the youth find himself thus dangerously placed, than he resolved to put it out of his *own* power to act unbecoming the son of an empress and queen. Convening, therefore, his court and council, he appropriated an early day for his coronation, or rather nomination to the emperorship,—

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the regular ceremony being performed long after at Frankfort—and he intreated the honour that the queen-dowager would assist at it. The assembly was brilliant, the young monarch rose in the midst of it, and holding in his hand a scroll, thus addressed himself to his ministers, in the presence of thousands of his subjects,—‘ I perceive a passage of great importance is omitted in the will of my royal father. No suitable independent provision has been made for my beloved and imperial mother. The long-~~tried~~ virtues of that noble lady, the tender confidence and domestic love in which she lived with my father, convinces me, that it never could have been intended, that so good a wife, so kind a parent, and so excellent a woman, could be left in a state of dependence on her son. Much more likely is it that the son should have been bequeathed to the commands, indulgence, and management of his mother. Or if it ~~was~~ intended that the son should *receive* the whole revenues of the empire, it could only be in confidence that he would act as her agent, and see that her private, her natural, and proper rights, were paid into her coffers with the least care and inconvenience to herself.

‘ In the latter case, I hope I should be found, throughout my reign, a faithful steward of my dear parent and of the people; and supposing, for a moment, this case a possible one, I cannot be insensible to the exalted affection and esteem the late emperor and king must have for me, that he could, after his death, confide the fortunes of such a wife to the trust of his son. But human nature is so frail, and the trust is so awful, that I tremble while I possess it; and cannot, indeed, be easy, till I have disburdened myself of the weight it imposes. To this end, my loving friends, ministers, and subjects, I have herein bound myself (showing the scroll), by an instrument of the last solemnity, to become responsible in a yearly sum suited to her rank, although inferior to her deservings. And I have, as nearly as may be, made this disposition from my private funds, and from four-

ces the least likely to infringe on, or to affect, the treasures of the state, which I hold in trust also,—for the honour of my empire, and the prosperity of Austria; yet I consider myself as called upon by my subjects to explain, account for, and justify every expenditure, before I make an arrangement in favour, of any part of my own family; but I feel, at the same time, that it is an act of duty and justice on my part, which will be crowned by the sanction of all my people.

‘Here then, madam, continued the royal youth, dropping on his knee as he descended from his throne, and presenting the scroll—here is the deed by which I relieve myself from an insupportable burden,—the idea of your Majesty’s becoming the victim of a son’s weakness, indiscretion, or ingratitude: and you will find that I have, by the same act, taken the liberty to appoint you the guardian of my youth, in all that can properly be called (if any thing can) my *private fortunes*. I retain in my hand the *public treasures*, because the weight of them would, from the multiplicity of demands, be attended with fatigue to you; but I shall not fail, from time to time, as exigencies may arise, to derive benefit, in their application, from your known wisdom, goodness of heart and judgment, and your love of the empire.

With regard to the public, one might very reasonably expect from such an outset, what has happened in the progress of the reign of this monarch;—we were prepared for his having almost emptied the coffers of his private property, and almost stripped his palace of his furniture, many of its necessities, and all its luxuries, before he invited the assistance of his people to carry on this unparalleled war.

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[The following Account of PETER PINDAR's finishing Canto of The LOUSIAD, will, it is hoped, be acceptable to our Readers.]

## THE LOUSIAD—CANTO V.

AT length this whimsical structure of the brain—this comical something, built upon nothing, which has been so long unfinished, seems to be completed. Whether the little animal, whose reported appearance at court served for the foundation of the work, ever made his unceremonious *entree*, is, with many persons, a matter of more doubt than importance. If we are to consider him as only the imaginary hero of a well-fancied tale, the greater must be the merit of the inventor. The poet, however, abides by the fact, and still prosecutes his droll detail and conclusion of the incidents by which it has been embellished in the several cantos of this most *delectable* Epic. In his 'unravelment of the plot,' if we may be allowed to talk of the *plot* of an *Epic poem*, we were unexpectedly diverted on finding, that, after all the stir that had been about the royal mandate for shaving the cooks and scullions of the palace, in consequence of the suspicion that the creeping intruder had his origin in the locks of some one of them, it is at last discovered that the tiny adventurer was, in reality, of MUCH HIGHER extraction than had been suspected; consequently, that the principal characters in the *Dramatis Personæ* were "all in the wrong;"—and thus the mystery is developed:

*First*, In the argument to the poem.—A great personage exulteth in his victory \* over the cooks,—endeavoureth to prove the *property* of the *koufe*,—also the

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\* The fruitless opposition made by the gentlemen of the kitchen, to the order for despoiling them of their capital *bonnours*, constitutes a principal part of the incidental business of this Pindaric Extraordinary.

certainly of its being a *real louse*; and *sheweth* the little animal by way of conviction. The poet exhibiteth *biblical* and *classical* knowledge in an account of animals that have *spoken*, in order to reconcile the reader's revolting mind to the *SPEECH* of the *LOUSE*. The louse giveth a wonderful history of himself, his family, &c. and proveth the superior antiquity of his race to that of kings—the Great Personage, in wrath, giveth the louse the *lie*, and endeavoureth his destruction;—but ZEPHYR suddenly beareth him off to the celestial region, and converteth him into a star; which was discovered soon after by DR HERSCHELL.—Name of the star, —&c. Secondly, in the conclusion of the poem itself:

‘ A pill-pox then be ope’d with eager look,  
And shew’d the Crawler, to convince each cook,  
The long-ear’d brest of BALAAM, lo, we find,  
Sharp to the beast that rode him spoke his mind;  
The mournful Xanthus \* (says the Bard of old)  
Of Peleus’ warlike son the fortune told:  
Thus to the captive louse was language giv’n,  
Which proves what interest JUSTICE holds in heav’n.  
The vermin, rising on his little rump,  
Like ladies’ lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,  
Thus, solemn as our bishops, when they preach,  
Made to the best of — his maiden speech:  
“ Know, mighty —, I was born and bred  
“ Deep in the burrows of a Page’s head;  
“ There took I sweet LOUSILLA unto wife,  
“ My soul’s delight, the comfort of my life:  
“ But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar’d invade  
“ COWSLIP’S sweet lips, your faithful diary-maid  
“ Great was the struggle for the short-liv’d blifs;  
“ At length he won the long contested kifs!—  
“ When, ’mid the struggle, thus it came to pass,  
“ Down drop’d my wife and I upon the lass;  
“ From whence we crawl’d (and who’s without ambition?  
“ Who does not wish to better his condition?)

\* The horse of Achilles.

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" To you, dread Sir, where, lo, we lov'd and fed,  
 " Charm'd with the fortune of a greater head ;  
 " Where safe from nail and comb, and bluss'ring wind,  
 " We nestled in your little lock behind ;  
 " Where many a time, at Court, I've join'd your Grace,  
 " And with you gallop'd in the glorious chase ;  
 " LOUSILLA too, my children, and my nits,  
 " Just frighten'd sometimes out of all their wits,  
 " It happen'd, Sir, ab ! luckless, luckless day !  
 " I foolish took it in my head to stray—  
 " How many a father, mother, daughter, son,  
 " Are oft by curiosity undone !  
 " Dire wish ! for midst my travels, urg'd by FATE,  
 " From you, O ———, I fell upon your plate !  
 " Sad was the precipice ! and now I'm here,  
 " Far from LOUSILLA, and my children dear !  
 " Who now, poor souls ! in deepest mourning all,  
 " Groan for my presence, and lament my fall,  
 " NITTILLA, now, my eldest girl, with sighs  
 " Bemoans her father lost, with streaming eyes ;  
 " And GRUBBINETTA, with the loveliest mien,  
 " In state, and temper, and in form, a queen ;  
 " And sturdy SNAP, my son, a child of grace,  
 " His father's image both in form and face ;  
 " And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,  
 " Boys that LOUSILLA's soul was proud to hatch :  
 " And little NIBBLE, too, my youngest son,  
 " Will ask his mother where his father's gone ;  
 " Who (poor Loufilla ! ) only will reply,  
 " With turtle moan, and tears in either eye,

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" Such is the hist'ry of your loyal LOUSE,  
 " Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house—"

The poet then notes the ill reception which this speech experienced ; inasmuch that the life of the little orator was endangered ; when, lo !



ZEPHYR, *so anxious for his life, drew near,*  
*And sudden bore him to a distant sphere,*  
*In triumph rais'd the animal on high,*  
*Where BERENICE'S locks adorn the sky;*  
*But now he wish'd him nobler fame to share,*  
*And crawl for ever on BELINDA'S hair.*  
*Yet to the LOUSE was greater glory giv'n;*  
*To roll a planet on the splendid heav'n,*  
*And draw of deep astronomers the ken;*  
*The GEORGIUM SIDUS of the sons of men ! ! !*

Such is the conclusion of this *heroic* poem : but there is a great deal of comic matter in the preceding part of this fifth canto, which we have not room to particularize ; and for which we must refer to the pamphlet.

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### ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS.

[From D'ISRAELI on the Literary Character.]

THE modes of life of a man of genius are often tinged with eccentricity and enthusiasm. These are in an eternal conflict with the usages of common life. His occupations, his amusements, and his ardour, are discordant to daily pursuits, and prudential habits. It is the characteristic of genius to display no talent to ordinary men ; and it is unjust to censure the latter when they consider him as born for no human purpose. Their pleasures and their sorrows are not his pleasures and his sorrows. He often appears to slumber in dishonourable ease, while his days are passed in labours, more constant and more painful than those of the manufacturer. The world is not always aware that to meditate, to compose, and even to converse with some, are great labours : and as Hawkesworth observes, " that weariness may be contracted in an arm-chair."

Such men are also censured for an irritability of disposition.

position. Many reasons might apologize for these unhappy variations of humour. The occupation of making a great name, is perhaps more anxious and precarious than that of making a great fortune. We sympathise with the merchant when he communicates melancholy to the social circle in consequence of a bankruptcy, or when he feels the elation of prosperity at the success of a vast speculation. The author is not less immersed in cares, or agitated by success. For literature has its bankruptcies and its speculations.

The anxieties and disappointments of an author, even of the most successful, are incalculable. If he is learned, learning is the torment of unquenchable thirst, and his elaborate work is exposed to the accidental recollection of an inferior mind, as well as the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance. If he excels in the magic of diction, and the graces of fancy, his path is strewn with roses, but his feet bleed on invisible, yet piercing thorns. Rousseau has given a glowing description of the ceaseless inquietudes by which he acquired skill in the arts of composition; and has said, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained.

It is observed by M. La Harpe (an author by profession), that as it has been proved there are some maladies peculiar to artists, there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them; and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because it cannot have their conceptions. We read not without a melancholy emotion, the querulous expressions of many of genius. We have a little catalogue *de calamitate Litteratorum*; we might add a volume by the addition of most of our own authors.

The votaries of the arts and sciences are called by Cicero, Heroes of Peace; their labours, their dangers, and their intrepidity, make them heroes; but peace is rarely the ornament of their feverish existence.

Some are now only agreeable, who might have been great writers, had their application to study, and the modes of their life been different. In Mr Greaves' lively

recollections of his friend Shenstone, are some judicious observations on this subject. He has drawn a comparison between the elevated abilities of Gray, and the humble talents of Shenstone; and he has assayed to shew, that it was the accidental circumstances of of Gray's place of birth, education, his admittance into some of the best circles, and his assiduous application to science, which gave him that superiority over the indolence, the retirement, and the inertion of a want of patronage, which made Shenstone, as Gray familiarly said, "hop round his walks," like a bird in a string.

Men of genius are often revered only where they are known by their writings. In the romance of life they are divinities, in its history they are men. From errors of the mind, and derelictions of the heart, they may not be exempt; these are perceived by their acquaintance, who can often discern only these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

For their foibles it appears more difficult to account than for their vices; for a violent passion depends on its direction to become either excellence or depravity; but why their exalted mind should not preserve them from the imbecilities of fools, appears a mere caprice of nature. A curious list may be formed of

"*Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.*"—JOHNSON.

In the note underneath I have thrown together a few facts which may be passed over by those who have no taste for literary anecdotes \*. [But

\* *Voiture was the son of a vintner, and, like our Prior, was so mortified whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine, which cheered the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobbler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed the venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenfide ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since he continually reminded him of his origin, being occasioned*

But it is also necessary to acknowledge, that men of genius are often unjustly reproached with foibles. The sports of a vacant mind are misunderstood as follies. The simplicity of truth may appear vanity, and the consciousness of superiority, envy. Nothing is more usual than our surprise at some great writer or artist contemning the labours of another, whom the public cherish with equal approbation. We place it to the account of his envy; but perhaps this opinion is erroneous, and claims a concise investigation.

Every superior writer has a MANNER of his own with which he has been long conversant, and too often inclines to judge of the merit of a performance by the degree it attains of his favourite manner. He errs, because impartial men of taste are addicted to no manner, but love whatever is exquisite. We often see readers draw their degree of comparative merit from the manner of their favourite author; an author does the same; that is, he draws it from himself. Such a partial standard of taste is erroneous; but it is more excusable in the author than in the reader.

This observation will serve to explain several curious phenomena in literature. The witty Cowley despised the

*by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person; and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the pictured shape." Even the strong-minded Johnson would not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr Boswell tells us, that Goldsmith attempted to shew his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival. The inscription under Boileau's portrait, describing his character with lavish panegyric, and a preference to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by himself.*

the natural Chaucer; the classical Boileau, the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the forcible Corneille, the tender Racine; the affected Marivaux, the familiar Moliere; the artificial Gray, the simple Shenstone. Each alike judged by that peculiar manner he had long formed. In a free conversation they might have contemned each other; and a dunce, who had listened without taste or understanding, if he had been a haberdasher in anecdotes, would have hastened to reposit in his warehouse of literary falsities, a long declamation on the vanity and envy of these great men.

It has long been acknowledged, that every work of merit, the more it is examined, the greater the merit will appear. The most masterly touches, and the reserved graces, which form the pride of the artist, are not observable till after a familiar and constant meditation. What is most refined is least obvious, and to some must remain unperceived for ever.

But ascending from these elaborate strokes in composition, to the views and designs of an author, the more profound and extensive these are, the more they elude the reader's apprehension. I refine not too much when I say, that the author is conscious of *beauties*, that *are not in his composition*. The happiest writers are compelled to see some of their most magnificent ideas float along the immensity of mind, beyond the feeble grasp of expression. Compare the state of the author with that of the reader; how copious and overflowing is the mind of the one to the other; how more sensibly alive to a variety of exquisite strokes which the other has not yet perceived; the author is familiar with every part, and the reader has but a vague notion of the whole. How many noble conceptions of Rousseau are not yet mastered! How many profound reflections of Montesquieu are not yet understood! How many subtle lessons are yet in Locke, which no preceptor can teach!

Such, among others, are the reasons which may induce an author to express himself in language which

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may sound like vanity. To be admired, is the noble simplicity of the ancients (imitated by a few elevated minds among the moderns), in expressing with ardour the consciousness of genius. We are not more displeased with Dryden than with Cicero, when he acquaints us of the great things he has done, and those he purposes to do. Modern modesty might, perhaps, to some be more engaging, if it were modesty; but our artificial blushes are like the ladies' temporary rouge, ever ready to colour the face on any occasion. Some will not place their names to their books, yet prefix it to their advertisements; others pretend to be the editors of their own works; some compliment themselves in the third person; and many, concealed under the shade of anonymous criticism, form panegyrics, as elaborate and long as Pliny's on Trajan, of their works and themselves; yet, in a conversation, start at a compliment, and quarrel at a quotation. Such modest authors resemble *certain* ladies, who in *public* are equally celebrated for the coldest chastity.

Consciousness of merit characterises men of genius; but it is to be lamented that the illusions of self-love are not distinguishable from the realities of consciousness. Yet if we were to take from some their pride of exultation, we annihilate the germ of their excellence. The persuasion of a just posterity smoothed the sleepless pillow, and spread a sunshine in the solitude of Bacon, Montesquieu, and Newton; of Cervantes, Gray, and Milton. Men of genius anticipate their contemporaries, and know they are such, long before the tardy consent of the public.

They have also been accused of the meanest adulations; it is certain that many have had the weakness to praise unworthy men, and some the courage to erase what they have written. A young writer unknown, yet languishing for encouragement, when he first finds the notice of a person of some eminence, has expressed himself in language which gratitude, a finer reason

reason than reason itself, inspired. Strongly has Milton expressed the sensations of this passion, "the debt immense of endless gratitude." Who ever pays an "immense debt" in small sums?

NAVIGATION *and* COMMERCE *of the* SCOTS *in the* AGE  
of ROBERT BRUCE.

[From HERON'S History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 303.]

**P**ERHAPS the wars in which the Scots were engaged, and the general train of their national transactions during this period, had some tendency to improve their dexterity and skill in the practice of maritime affairs. Their voyages to Norway, in order to negotiate with King Eric, and to bring home their young queen, could not have been performed with tolerable safety, if they had not been accustomed to sail in vessels fitted at once with oars and sails; and to guide their path on the deep, by the observation of the stars. With France or Flanders, they could not have had that useful intercourse which they appear to have carried on, during these times, if they had not been sufficiently acquainted with the navigation, at least of the German ocean. The expeditions against the people of the isle of *Man*, and into Ireland, could not have been accomplished, without a great number of vessels, and considerable naval dexterity and skill. Nor could the *Hebudaë* have been inhabited, or retained in subjection to Scotland, without a continual intercourse by sea, which could not be carried on, without many vessels, and incessant navigation. The long wanderings of Robert Bruce among these isles, in the most tempestuous season of the year, assuredly imply, since they were performed with safety, that the *Hebudiens* were, even then, as skilful and hardy mariners, as they are now, in the end of the eighteenth century, when  
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the same perilous and various navigation could scarcely be performed, without certain shipwreck. Even in those early times, the fishing of their rivers and sea-coasts appears to have been so diligently prosecuted by the Scots, that this, alone would be sufficient to make a considerable proportion among them seamen, and to occasion the keeping up of a great multitude, at least of small boats around all Scotland, and amongst its dependent isles. *Curraghs* of a sort of wicker-work covered with hides; vessels smaller, although not frailer than these, and framed out of the hollowed trunks of trees; ships made of joined planks, and open, although of no inconsiderable bulk and capacity; and other ships, yet larger than these last, and covered with decks; were all the different species of vessels for sailing, at this time known to the Scots. These they paddled or rowed with oars; or exposed to be carried down the currents of rivers; or fitted with sails, that they might be driven before the wind. Shipwrecks had been already so frequent on the Scottish coasts, that in grants of land on the sea-shore, the wreck of cargoes lost, was either granted or reserved with scrupulous care, as an object of considerable value. It was from the Hebridian isles chiefly that Bruce obtained the vessels of the fleets, with which he invaded Ireland and the isle of Man. In a charter granted by Bruce, a principal condition on the part of the person in whose favour this deed was executed is, the furnishing of a ship with *forty oars* for forty days yearly for the royal service. From an epistle addressed by Edward the Second of England to the Earl of Flanders, it appears, that some of the adherents of Bruce, who had fled from Scotland in the season of the lowest extremity of his fortunes, having retired to Flanders, had there equipped some armed vessels, in which they from time to time scoured the German ocean, infested the English coasts, and seized the supplies of arms, forces, and provisions, which were sent by sea from England against the Scots. From all these

these facts we may fairly conclude the Scottish nation to have been at this time in a considerable degree a seafaring people; the Hebudians to have been more entirely so than the rest of the Scots; and the whole nation to have been necessarily more strongly urged to practice in naval affairs than they ever were before; not diverted from them by their long contention with the English.

Their peaceful labours being interrupted by war, and their country spoiled and laid waste, the inhabitants of Scotland could not in this period furnish many articles, either of *raw produce*, or of *manufacture*, for *commercial exportation*. Even the wonted remittances of money and other goods to the Papal court, were strictly prohibited by a law of Robert Bruce, on account of the general poverty and distress to which the nation had been reduced by long war. *Wool* was indeed almost the only article of value which the Scots could spare, while their neighbours wanted it. Berwick was the sea-port town from which the wool of Scotland was usually exported, whether into England, to Flanders, or to France. It seems probable, that the Scots had been about this time accustomed to export quantities of *salmon*, and perhaps also *berrings*, dried or salted in barrels. Edward the Second, before coming upon one of his expeditions against the Scots, issued an order to one of his officers in the Scottish territories, to provide three thousand salmon from the Scottish rivers, for the use of the army which the king was about to lead into Scotland.

The imports which the Scots now received appear to have been furnished by their neighbours of England, and occasionally from Flanders, France, or Italy. *Corn* was imported into Scotland, by English merchants, even in times of actual warfare between the two nations, as appears from letters and proclamations, by which Edward the Second of England endeavoured to prohibit this illegal-intercourse of his subjects with his enemies.

enemies. From their prædatory inroads into England, during these wars, the Scots usually brought home various spoils of cattle, corn, pulse, raiment, and armour. Invading a country naturally poor and barren, and now wasted almost to utter desolation by the long ravages of war; the English, in all their military expeditions into Scotland, brought with them large stores of arms and provisions; which were partly consumed by themselves, but commonly sold, in part, into the hands of the Scots. For the use of one of his expeditions against the Scots, Edward the Second enjoined the citizens of London, to provide to him, twenty tons of honey; an hundred tons of wine; five hundred pounds weight of unspun hemp; an equal quantity of hemp-yarn; an hundred and sixty engines for the discharge of missile weapons, at sieges; with many thousands of the weapons which those propelling engines were employed to discharge against the foe. When this same prince, as yet only prince of Wales, wintered, at Perth, in the year one thousand three hundred and three; his troops were so abundantly supplied with *wine*, that a gallon of good French wine was commonly sold there, for fourpence of the Scottish money of that time. It was chiefly wine of Gascony and Burgundy, which the English imported into England, and by consequence, likewise into Scotland. In times of scarcity, neither Scotland nor England produced grain sufficient for the sustenance of the inhabitants: And corn was then anxiously imported from Italy, France, Germany, and the countries adjacent to the Baltic sea. In the year one thousand three hundred and twenty one, *Genoese* merchants brought into Britain, from Italy, considerable quantities of oil, honey, and grain. Neither the native horses of Scotland, nor those of England, were of that size, shape, and vigour, which were the most highly valued in the war-horse: And the English, while they occasionally furnished the Scots with *war-*



horses, were, themselves, obliged to import others, from time to time, out of *Lombardy* and *Spain*. The merchants of *Genoa* and of *Flanders* furnished to the Scots, their surest supplies of arms and provisions, through all their difficulties, and wars of this period. To purchase these supplies, it is probable, that the Scots stripped themselves of all their gold and silver, and of every exchangeable article, of value, and not of primary utility, which they possessed. The pearls of their rivers, and their wool, hides, and salted fish, would be very insufficient to pay for all the imports which their necessities demanded. Edward laboured, in vain, to hinder the Flemings and the Genoese from carrying on any traffic with the Scots, while they should continue to resist his usurpation: The spirit of commerce knows how to elude the threats and restraints of despotic power. The Earl of Flanders answered to Edward's warm remonstrances, that his sea-ports were free to the merchants and sailors of all nations: The citizens of Genoa, and some of the *Flandrian* free towns, pretended to comply with Edward's requests, and to refuse all future commercial intercourse with the Scots; but do not appear to have denounced any severe penalties against any from among themselves who might still find it profitable to trade to Scotland.

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### THE BEGGAR.

*With a beautiful Engraving from the Citizen of the World.*

IN our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made



The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has not yet decided whether  
 it will accept the offer of the  
 United States to purchase the  
 Alaska Pipeline. This decision  
 will be made in the near future.  
 The second is the fact that the  
 Government has not yet decided  
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 of the United States to purchase  
 the Alaska Pipeline. This decision  
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 The third is the fact that the  
 Government has not yet decided  
 whether it will accept the offer  
 of the United States to purchase  
 the Alaska Pipeline. This decision  
 will be made in the near future.

made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, cloaths, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I'm surpris'd at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants who are only a weight upon the industrious; I'm surpris'd that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences, let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seem'd ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some

episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg, once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had however no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting therefore a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle—"Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion, that those fel-



fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value; he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would have as soon parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who, in the deepest distress still aimed at good humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

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## THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

### A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

"A MIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous  
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and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

“Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favoured them both. The two lovers and the fair one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honour of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins are named by the magistrate to place them on the altar, where they remain till the fire had consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a diadem on the head.

“One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places, the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standers by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

“It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely on the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all *imaginary* pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden,

maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, if she has already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half-blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

“If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears the token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

“The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. Ah, said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, it is the very same! and took it likewise. The  
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young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him : but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

“ He that at first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice. This sort of conversation, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and in return presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns, giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted : she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

“ Not long afterwards the elder brother met her at the very same window ; but the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming, seemed to him indeed somewhat extraordinary ; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his will, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favourable disposition towards him, that he thought he might easily waive the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it ; that he must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports.

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Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

“ Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success: but, as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her, that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower as a testimony of her consent; at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

“ His elder brother, who had given her the full-blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other! as soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favour two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that



that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

"Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla—for thus was the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed, "I am deceived! Thou knowest my innocence, O almighty Sun!" She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee; I know that thou art innocent. Her mother and the servants were fetched to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

"She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said; "Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonoured! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts; and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!" On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father, himself oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my father, (said she) am I still worthy of thee?" "That thou art (he replied); thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirit (added he with sighs) I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

"In the mean time the amiable maiden completely revived; at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions

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questions that were made to her. She declared that the first, who led her to the altar, was the person that made an impression on her heart; that she, presently after, as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower: but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was, by whom it was given her. She concluded by saying that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and to submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

“As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the pophar, or prince of the country. The cause was propounded in presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished asunder. The prince asked, which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldest replied, that it was he. Berilla confessed, that indeed he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that; but, shortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before; however, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge, was, that the maiden had received the full blown flower from both the lovers. They looked stedfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The pophar interrogated the young lady, whether, at the time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed, that she did; but likewise declared, that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would choose.

chuse if the election were now freely left to herself. She blushed; and, after a few moments of consideration, replied: "The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me;" at the same time darting him a look, that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

"All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla with a stern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee from ever possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestible right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his pretensions. And now, my sons, (continued he) what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer, that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said: "Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die."

"The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge: "I implore your patience for a moment (said he); I will rather sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely doomed. Take her, O my brother; and may ye live long and happy together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has caused thee! This is the sole request I have to make thee." The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince com-

manded

manded him to stay. "Son, remain where thou art (said he;) thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine; for, by this sacrifice, thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her!"

They were married shortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree."

## REMARKABLE TRAITS OF VANITY

IN CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS.

**VOITURE** was the son of a vintner, and, like our Prior, was so mortified, whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine, which cheered the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. John Baptist Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobbler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed his venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenfide ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, having been occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person; and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation, in four iambs. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the pictur'd shape." Even the strong-minded Johnson would not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr Boswell tells us, that Goldsmith attempted to show his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival.

## CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

## OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND CELEBRATED PERSONS.

## SIR RICHARD STEELE.

**IT** is among the singularities of Steele's life, that though a good scholar in other respects he did not understand one word of *Greek*. He often lamented his neglect in this branch of learning to some of his most intimate friends, and more than once resolved on sitting down to the study of it; but the habits more pressing, together with his love of pleasure and indolence, always prevented him.

To a man of his talents and high reputation as a periodical writer, it was perhaps necessary to conceal this defect from the public; he did so, but not, at times, without being put to some difficulties, as the following anecdote will shew.

Being at Button's Coffee-house one morning during the publication of "The Tatlers;" a dispute arose between two gentlemen relative to the translation of a passage in Homer. Neither of them were willing to give up their opinion:—at last, seeing Steele at the upper end of the room, they agreed to be decided by him. They accordingly stated the case, and after making the proper apologies for applying to a stranger on this occasion, they begged his decision. Steele parried the request for some time, but at last, being much pressed, and thinking his reputation as a Greek scholar in danger, he, with great presence of mind, asked one of the parties to repeat the passage, and then give his sense of it, which he accordingly did: he then, with the same gravity, requested the other to do the same; which being complied with, he paused for some time, as forming some kind of judgment of the matter; and then told them, "that although there were some grounds for justifying both translations, he thought

that



that gentleman (pointing to the one whom he had the best opinion of, from his manner of reciting the passage) was nearest the author in his original meaning." Both gentlemen bowed to his decision, and Steele, dreading a rallying point, quitted the Coffee-house soon after.

As soon as he left the Coffee-house an intimate friend, who was with him, asked him how he could possibly risque doing what he did, knowing his own insufficiency. "Why," says Steele, "I confess I was a little embarrassed at first; but then I considered, that if it once got abroad in the world that I did not understand Greek, the sale of my Tatlers would soon be at an end."

The above anecdote has been often related by a gentleman who was with Sir Richard at the time, and lived in the greatest habits of intimacy with him. This gentleman was then an Irish Barrister, who had the singular felicity of enjoying good health, a fine imagination, and a plentiful fortune, to the very advanced age of ninety-two. He died in the year 1774.

In the habits of Steele's life he mixed much in the world, and was acquainted with various classes of people. His occasional resort in the City was Batson's Coffee-house, where, amongst others, he got intimate with an old Gentleman, who looking up to Sir Richard as a man of consequence, and one to whom it was an honour to be known, often made professions of friendship to him in the pecuniary way, if ever he should have occasion for his services. Steele looked upon such a man to be a sure friend in any hour of difficulty and distress. He accordingly, having had occasion for *two hundred pounds*, applied to his old friend for the loan with much confidence: but how much was he surprised to find the other shuffle it off, by telling him "how sorry he was he could not oblige him, as he never had any thing like that sum unemployed."

Steel was not to be put off in this manner, but gravely told him, "that as from his promises he had drawn the secret from him that he was in want of money, he would not put it in his power to expose him, therefore, the alternative was, the fulfilment of his promise, or a duel. The other was much embarrassed for some time, but recollecting that the consequences of a duel might deprive him of all his money, he thought it better to part with some than lose the whole, and his life into the bargain; he accordingly lent him the money, which Sir Richard paid at his convenience, but immediately cut the acquaintance.

Swift liked Steele for his wit, though of different parties, and often served him; yet either from the spleen of party, or thoughtfulness of temper, Steele did not make suitable returns. Swift writes to Mrs Johnson of him, in the year 1710, in the following manner: "We have had but scurvy Tatlers of late, so don't suspect me. I have one or two hints I intend to send him, and never any more—he does not deserve it. I never saw him since I came here, nor has he made me any invitation. He is governed by his wife most abominably, and either dares not do it, or is such a *tis-dull* fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit—for he is the worst company in the world till he was got a bottle of wine in his head."

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DR FRANKLYN.

In the early parts of Dr Franklyn's life, when he was even a journeyman printer in New York, he resorted to Disputing Clubs, and was always considered as a leading character in those Societies. From an old Clergyman now resident in England, who formerly attended these meetings with him, we have been informed of many particulars relative to his conduct upon these occasions. He was at one time of his life a very rapid or fluent speaker; seldom ornamenting his discourse, or diverging from the subject matter, otherwise

wife than in short anecdotes, or familiar allusions. When a subject was started, he never was amongst the first to discuss it, but generally waited till it had been pretty nearly exhausted; he then rose with great deliberation, and, having a very sound judgment, he selected such parts from the rest of the speakers, either to strengthen or refute, as generally decided the question, and gained him the reputation of wisdom and discernment.

It is supposed by this Clergyman, that Franklyn did not understand Latin; that is to say, he was not regularly bred a Latin scholar; but that when he became a man of some consideration with the world, he had himself instructed a little in the Latin grammar, and could repeat and apply with great felicity and judgment a number of Latin sentences, which it is thought he had previously studied as auxiliaries to conversation and debate. He, however, always walked over this ground cautiously, and when he was opposed by a Latin quotation, he was scarcely ever known to answer it in the same language.

Few men ever studied with greater success this precept of Milton:

—————"To know  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom,"

than Dr Franklyn.

He had a strong intuitive view of the human character, and decided upon it in that familiar, comprehensive manner, as to meet the general sense of the public. He was one day examining a boy (at the request of his father, who had too partial an opinion of him) relative to his studies and habits, &c. Upon almost every question the boy had some excuse for his idleness; illness had prevented him from reading such a book as the Doctor had recommended to him, want of paper made him neglect his exercises, and bad pens were to excuse his bad writing, &c. The Doctor, ha-

ving heard him with great attention for some time, at last made the following reply: "My young friend, as I can not suppose that you are telling me a parcel of lies, I can only say, hitherto you have been rather unfortunate, but remember this maxim in future, "That the boy who is good at excuses, is generally good for nothing else."

When the Duke of Montague succeeded the late Duke of Northumberland as master of the Horse, Franklyn being in a large company at dinner at a Nobleman's table, they were all expressing their surprize what could induce the latter Duke to resign an employment so fitted to his rank and high notions of dignity. Some said it was a pique relative to the Lieutenancy of the County—others attributed it to the high spirit of the Dutchesse—others conjectured that the attendance was too fatiguing—and others that it might arise from a neglect in Lord Percy's promotion. Franklyn heard their several conjectures with patience for some time; at last he exclaimed with great emphasis—Good God, what a land of *freedom* do we live in, when a nobleman of the first rank and most princely fortune, cannot resign his employments, without having every other reason assigned for it but the *effect of principle*."

As Dr Franklyn was going up Ludgate-hill, one day, with his spectacles on (as was his usual custom,) he turned round to look at one of the print shops: while in this situation a porter with a load brushed by him, which turned the Doctor quite round, exclaiming at the same time—"G-d d—n your spectacles Master." Upon which the Doctor, gravely pulling off his hat, replied, "I thank you, my good friend; it is not the first time *my spectacles have saved my eyes*."

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HENRY FIELDING.

Fielding conversing one day in Millar the Bookseller's shop, with some gentlemen on the want of hu-

now

mour among Scotchmen, some of the company insisted that they had as much as other nations, and that it was nothing but prejudice which denied it to them. The conversation continued for some time, when Fielding, seeing Millar passing into the shop from his back parlour, said, "Come, I'll give you a proof of my assertion, if you'll all keep the secret." They promised they would—when he addressed Millar in the following manner:

"Millar," says he, "I have some notion of setting up my coach, and I want your opinion of it." Upon which Millar, who knew the occasional freights of the poet, shook his head. "Aye, aye," says the other, "I know you think I can't afford it; and therefore will advise me against it; but I have a scheme in my head that will at least pay the expenses." "Pray what is that?" says Millar. "Why, in the first place, you know that I am a Magistrate, and in that capacity, upon a weekly average, I commit thirty or forty people to prison.—Now, as most of these fellows take the hackney coaches to carry them there, my coach shall attend for that purpose—They won't know the difference, and I shall pocket the fares."

Millar, after hearing with great astonishment, and believing every word to be a truth—begged him, in the most solemn manner, not to think of it—told him that t'would be impossible to keep it a secret long, and that besides the disgrace which such a transaction would throw upon his character as a magistrate and an author, he and his family would run the risque of catching all manner of diseases."

"I told you so," says Fielding (bursting out into a loud laugh, in which he was joined by the rest of the company :) "Now here's a fellow, constantly living with Wits and men of literature, that cannot find out the joke of so palpable a story as this, which any other man would but a Scotchman."

VOLTAIRE.



## VOLTAIRE.

Some time after Voltaire was banished the French Court, and had retired to his seat on the Lake of Geneva, Colonel C——, who was on his travels at Switzerland, had letters of recommendation to him from some of his literary friends in England. On his first visit he found Voltaire working in his garden, who, seeing the Colonel approach, threw away his spade, and thus addressed him: "Here, Sir, you see me a banished man, but still a philosopher; for, as your countryman says,

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station."

To which the Colonel immediately replied—

"In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,  
The muse attends thee to the silent shade;  
'Tis hers the great man's latest steps to trace,  
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace."

Voltaire was so pleased with the application of these lines, that he embraced the Colonel with great cordiality—instituted upon his taking up his lodgings at his chateau, and behaved with the most marked civility to him during his residence at Geneva.

Voltaire confessed to Colonel C——, that he looked upon Shakespeare to be the greatest genius that ever the world produced.—"Oh, but (says the Colonel) he has written *monstrous farces*."—"True, I have said so (says Voltaire, smiling,) but notwithstanding those occasional defects, his excellencies outbalance every thing."

One day at Voltaire's table, some Frenchmen were complimenting him on the liberality of his writings, particularly in regard to Religion.—"Why yes, Gentlemen," cried the Wit, "I believe I have done some service to philosophy, as I don't think *I have conversed with a Christian* for above these ten years."

Voltaire was at one time so high in reputation, that he had one public day in the week for foreigners (who

had

had not letters of recommendation to him) to see him dine in public. His table on these occasions never consisted but of three persons—himself, his niece, and Pere Adam, his Chaplain and Confessor. Some young Englishmen talking *indecently* in their own language of his niece (thinking they were not understood) soon put an end to this practice, and he saw no body after but by a previous introduction.

Voltaire did not understand Greek, nor did he speak any language but his own fluently and correctly, though he affected to write in most. He confessed this one day to Colonel C——, who asked him to read a passage in Homer to know how Greek became a French mouth. “Poh, poh!” says Voltaire, “I don’t understand it; I get people to translate this and many other languages to me occasionally, as I think a man who aspires to be an *epic poet* should despise languages.”

## WOULD NOT YOU HAVE DONE THE SAME?

### A BAGATELLE.

GROTIUS and Metasio were tradesmen, living in the same street, and between whom an intimacy had for many years subsisted. Grotius died much about the same time that Metasio became a widower. The former left a daughter; who, with her mother, still continued the business: the latter had an only son.

The frequent intercourse of these families gave rise to a report among the neighbours, that a match was on the tapis between Metasio and the widow of Grotius; and that the young people were to be united at the same time. It was true, that a union of the parties was intended; but, it seems, the neighbours had made a small mistake in arranging the couples: the fair

Lucetta

Lucetta having attracted the eye of the venerable Metasio, and the young Leander that of the buxom widow. The young people were very averse to the proposition of their parents, and vigorously opposed the concerted plan. Metasio, however, would be obeyed; and the toothless Ursula was equally peremptory. At length, the fatal day arrived, that was to complete these unequal matches. Licences had been procured, and a church in the vicinity of London appointed for the union of these couples.

Every precaution was taken by the designing Metasio, and the wary Ursula, to keep from the neighbours the knowledge of these ridiculous marriages; but, from some unaccountable cause, it got wind; every family in the street had become acquainted with it; so that, before ten o'clock, the windows of the surrounding houses were all crowded with spectators to behold the brides and their grooms. Expectation was on tip-toe, and sickened at the delay. Some suspected that it was a false report; and others cherished hopes which they cared not at present to disclose. The widow was seen in the drawing room, walking to and fro in a manner that bespoke inquietude; and Metasio's countenance appeared somewhat disturbed. In these moments of suspense and wonder, a glass coach drove up to the widow's door. The coachman had a white favour in his hat; and Metasio's servant, who rode behind, had the same bridal ornament. In an instant, Leander stepped from the vehicle; and, taking the hand of the lovely Lucetta, conducted her to the presence of the disappointed dotards. Mortified at the trick which had been played them, they threatened revenge: but, fearful of a farther exposure, suppressed their indignation; and, rather than become open objects of ridicule, by a fruitless opposition, assented to the match.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM MR BURNES'S LETTER  
TO A NOBLE LORD, JUST PUBLISHED.

I KNOW not how it has happened, but it really seems, that whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of deep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to *me*, but took the subject-matter from the Crown-grants to *his own family*. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russel were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolicks in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray,—every thing of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the Royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why truly it would not be more ridiculous

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lous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services, and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of his services by which his vast landed Pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionable about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said 'tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history? He would naturally have said on his side, 'tis this man's fortune.—He is as good now, as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions,—that's all?

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit, with that which obtained from the Crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's College, which the philosophy of the Sans culottes, (prouder by far than all the Garters, and Norroys, and Clarencieux, and Rouge Dragons that ever paraded in a procession of what his friends call aristocrates and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other description of historians, who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the inscription on a tomb. With them every man created

a peer is first an hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every General officer with them is a Marlborough; every Statesman a Burleigh; every Judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who live, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmonson, and Collins.

To these recorders, so full of good nature to the great and prosperous, I would willingly leave the first Baron Russel, and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not suffer us to acquiesce in the judgment of the Prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to those who earn them. Well then; since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the words of the Sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russel, a person of an ancient gentleman's family raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcase to the jackall in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not

only in its quantity, but in its kind so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank\*, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on every thing that was *great and noble*. Mine has been, in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating Princes, confiscating chief Governors, or confiscating Demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions, was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the Spoil with a Prince, who plundered a part of his national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of *all* prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a Prince, who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavour

\* See the history of the melancholy catastrophe of the Duke of Buckingham. Temp. Hen. 8.

was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it.—Mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection of the British Crown.

His founder's merits were, by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent Prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of his kingdom; in which his Majesty shews an eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil.

His founder's merit, was the merit of a gentleman, raised by the arts of a Court, and the protection of a Wolsey, to the eminence of a great and potent Lord. His merit in that eminence was by instigating a tyrant to injustice, to provoke a people to rebellion. My merit was, to awaken the sober part of the country, that they might put themselves on their guard against any one potent Lord, or any greater number of potent Lords, or any combination of great leading men of any sort, if ever they should attempt to proceed in the same courses, but in the reverse order, that is, by instigating a corrupted populace to rebellion, and, through that rebellion, introducing a tyranny yet worse than the tyranny which his Grace's ancestor supported, and of which he profited in the manner we behold in the despotism of Henry the Eighth.

The political merit of the first pensioner of his Grace's house, was that of being concerned as a counsellor of state in advising, and in his person executing



the conditions of a dishonourable peace with France; the surrendering the fortress of Boulogne, then our out guard on the Continent. By that surrender, Calais, the key of France, and the bridle in the mouth of that power, was, not many years afterwards, finally lost. My merit has been in resisting the power and pride of France, under any form of its rule; but in opposing it with the greatest zeal and earnestness, when that rule appeared in the worst form it could assume; the worst indeed which the prime cause and principle of all evil could possibly give it. It was my endeavour by every means to excite a spirit in the house, where I had the honour of a seat, for carrying on with early vigour and decision, the most clearly just and necessary war, that this or any nation ever carried on; in order to save my country from the iron yoke of its power, and from the more dreadful contagion of its principles; to preserve, while they can be preserved pure and untainted, the ancient, inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour of the people of England, from the dreadful pestilence which beginning in France, threatens to lay waste the whole moral, and in a great degree the whole physical world, having done both in the focus of its most intense malignity.

The labours of his Grace's founder merited the curses, not loud but deep, of the Commons of England, on whom *he* and his master had effected a *complete Parliamentary Reform*, by making them their slavery and humiliation, the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone people. My merits were, in having had an active, though not always an ostentatious share, in every one act, without exception, of undisputed constitutional utility in my time, and in having supported on all occasions, the authority, the efficiency, and the privileges of the Commons of Great Britain. I ended my services by a recorded and fully reasoned assertion on their own journals of  
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their constitutional rights, and a vindication of their constitutional conduct. I laboured in all things to merit their inward approbation, and (along with the the assistants of the largest, the greatest, and best of my endeavours) I received their free, unbiassed, public, and solemn thanks.

Thus stands the account of the comparative merits of the Crown grants which compose the Duke of Bedford's fortune as balanced against mine. In the name of common sense, why should the Duke of Bedford think, that none but of the House of Russell are entitled to the favour of the crown? Why should he imagine that no king of England has been capable of judging of merit but King Henry the Eighth? Indeed, he will pardon me; he is a little mistaken; all virtue did not end in the first Earl of Bedford. All discernment did not lose its vision when his Creator closed his eyes. Let him remit his rigour on the disproportion between merit and reward in others, and they will make no enquiry into the origin of his fortune. They will regard with much more satisfaction, as he will contemplate with infinitely more advantage, whatever his pedigree has been dulcified by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring. It is little to be doubted, that several of his forefathers in that long series, have degenerated into honour and virtue. Let the Duke of Bedford (I am sure he will) reject with scorn and horror, the counsels of the lecturers, those wicked panders to avarice and ambition, who would tempt him in the troubles of his country, to seek another enormous fortune from the forfeitures of another nobility, and the plunder of another church. Let him (and I trust that he will) employ all the energy of his youth, and all the resources of his wealth, to crush rebellious principles, which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious movements, that have no provocation in tyranny.

Then will be forgot the rebellions; which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked and extinguished. On such a conduct in the noble Duke; many of his countrymen might, and with some excuse might, give way to the enthusiasm of their gratitude, and in the dashing style of some of the old declaimers, cry out, that if the fates had found no other way in which they could give a Duke of Bedford and his opulence as props to a tottering world, then the butchery of the Duke of Buckingham might be tolerated, it might be regarded even with complacency, whilst in the heir of confiscation they saw the sympathising comforter of the martyrs, who suffer under the cruel confiscation of this day; whilst they beheld with admiration his zealous protection of the virtuous and loyal nobility of France, and his manly support of his brethren, the yet standing nobility and gentry of his native land. Then his Grace's merit would be pure and new, and sharp, as fresh from the mint of honour. As he pleased he might reflect honour on his predecessors or throw it forward on those who were to succeed him. He might be the propagator of the stock of honour, or the root of it, as he thought proper.

### EXTRACTS

FROM MR CAMPBELL'S JOURNEY OVER LAND TO INDIA.

[From The European Magazine.]

**T**HERE are few modern Travels more capable of conveying useful information to the mind, or of affecting, in the highest degree, all the sensibilities of the heart, than the Work now under our inspection.

\* At si non aliam venturo fata Neroni, &c.

tion. It is not a cold and nerveless detail of observations on objects in which the spectator had no other interest or concern than the gratification of a roving curiosity, but it contains a warm and animated relation of facts and occurrences in which the Author was personally engaged, and in which his life and fortunes were, in general, deeply involved. His journey through "the trackless desert of the distant region" was not undertaken for the purpose of taking the dimensions of public edifices, of viewing new varieties of the animal creation, or of collecting rare and curious plants, the usual motives of modern travellers, but it was from the highest and most honourable calls of nature, the feelings of a fond father for the happiness of his family. "A variety of unpropitious circumstances," says Mr Campbell, "gave rise to my journey to the East Indies, while domestic calamity marked my departure, and at the very outset gave me a foretaste of those miseries which Fate had reserved to bet fall upon me in the sequel.

"The channels from which I drew the means of supporting my family in that style which their rank and connections obliged them to maintain, were clogged by a coincidence of events as unlucky as unexpected: the war in India had interrupted the regular remittance of my property from thence—a severe shock which unbounded generosity and beneficence had given to the affairs of my father, rendered him incapable of maintaining his usual punctuality in the payment of the income he had assigned me; and, to crown the whole, I had been deprived by death of two lovely children. It was under the pressure of these accumulated afflictions, aggravated by the goading thought of leaving my family for such a length of time as must necessarily elapse before I could again see them, that I set out for India in the month of May 1781, with a heart overwhelmed with war, and too surely predictive of misfortune." It must not, however, be concluded, that  
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although Mr Campbell had one object principally in view, he suffered any curious or extraordinary matter in the countries through which he passed, to escape his attentive and discriminating mind; for, exclusive of the vigorous narrative of his own transactions, the Volume contains various remarks and animadversions on men and manners, expressed with all that warmth of sentiment and glow of language which a love of truth and nature usually inspire. The interests and feelings, indeed, with which these Letters are written, are perhaps considerably heightened by the circumstance of their being addressed to a favourite son, for the purposes of instruction and improvement. "The tenderness of a fond father's heart," says Mr Campbell, in the first Letter to his dear Frederick, "admonishes me that I should but poorly requite the affectionate solicitude you have so often expressed to become acquainted with the particulars of my journey over land to India, if I any longer withheld from you an account of that singular and eventful period of my life. I confess to you, my dear boy, that often when I have endeavoured to amuse you with the leading incidents and extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune which chequered the whole of that series of adventures, and observed the eager attention with which, young though you were, you listened to the recital, the tender sensibility you disclosed at some passages, and the earnest desire you expressed that "*I should the whole relate*," I have felt an almost irresistible impulse to indulge you with an accurate and faithful narrative, and have more than once sat down at my bureau for the purpose: but sober and deliberate reflection suggested that it was too soon; and that, by complying with your desire at such a very early period of your life, I should but render the great end that I proposed by it abortive, frustrate the instructions that I meant to convey, and impress the mere incident on your memory, while the moral deducible from it must necessarily evaporate, and leave



no trace, or rather excite no idea, in a mind not sufficiently matured for the conception of abstract principles, or prepared by practice for the deduction of moral inferences." This introduction of this highly-spirited, interesting, and instructive Work, affords a specimen of the Author's style of writing; and, as an instance of the lively and entertaining manner in which the narrative is conducted, we shall extract his account of an adventure in the convent of Carmelites in Augsburg.

"For the reasons mentioned in my last, Augsburg is a most agreeable place to live in. Touched with the sensations natural to a man who loved to see his fellow creatures happy, my heart expanded to a system of peace and harmony, comprehending the whole globe; my mind expatiated involuntarily on the blessings and advantages derived from such a system; and, taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our feeble nature is pinned on this earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mould, which, I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects that ever constructed castles in the air.

"Hurried on by this delightful vision, my person paid an involuntary obedience to my mind; and the quickness of my pace increasing with the impetuosity of my thoughts, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within the Chapel-door of the Convent of Carmelites. Observing my error, I suddenly turned about, in order to depart, when a Friar, a goodly person of a man, elderly, and of a benign aspect, called me, and, advancing towards me, asked, in terms of politeness, and in the French language, why I was retreating so abruptly—I was confused: but truth is the enemy before whom confusion ever flies; and I told him the whole of my mistake, and the thoughts from which they rose.

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"The good father, waving further discourse on the subject, but with a smile which I thought carried a mixture of benevolence for myself, and contempt for my ideas, brought me through the church, and shewed me all the curiosities of the place; and particularly pointed out to me, as a great curiosity, a sun-dial made in the form of a Madonna, the head enriched with rays and stars, and in the hand a sceptre which marked the hours.

"Quitting the Chapel, and going towards the Refectory, the Friar stood; and, looking at me with a smile of gaiety, said, "I have yet something to show you, which, while Lady Madonna marks the time, will help us to pass it; and, as it will make its way with more force and subtlety to your senses than those I have yet shewn you, will be likely to be longer retained in remembrance."

"He spoke a few words in German, which of course I did not understand, to a vision bearing the shape of a human creature, who, I understood, was a lay-brother: and, turning down a long alley, brought me to his cell, where we were soon followed by the aforesaid lay-brother, with a large earthen jug of liquor, two glasses, and a plate with some delicate white biscuit.

"You must know," said the Friar, "that the Convent of Carmelites at Augsbourg has for ages been famed for beer unequalled in any part of the world; and I have brought you here to have your opinion—for, being an Englishman, you must be a judge, the Britons being famed for luxury, and a perfect knowledge of the *savoir-vivre*." He poured out, and drank to me: it looked liker the clearest Champaigne than beer—I never tasted any thing to equal it; and he seemed highly gratified by my expressions of praise, which I lavished upon it as well from politeness, as regard to truth.

"After we had drank a glass each, "I have been reflecting," said the Friar, "on the singular sight of  
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fancy that directed your steps into this Convent—Your mind was diseased, my son! and a propitious superintending Power has guided your steps to a physician, if you will but have the goodness to take the medicine he offers."

"I stared with visible marks of astonishment.

"You are surprised," continued he; "but you shall hear! When first you disclosed to me those sickly flights of your mind, I could on the instant have answered them: but you are young—you are an Englishman—two characters impatient of reproof: the dogmas of a Priest, I thought therefore, would be sufficiently difficult to be digested of themselves, without any additional distaste caught from the chilling austerity of a Chapel."

"I looked unintentionally at the earthen jug, and smiled.

"It is very true," said he, catching my very inmost thoughts from the expression of my countenance—"it is very true! good doctrine may, at certain times, and with certain persons, be more effectually enforced under the cheering influence of the social board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal sanctity of the pulpit, nor am I, though a Carmelite, one of those who pretend to think, that a thing in itself good, can be made bad by decent hilarity, and the animation produced by a moderate and wise use of the goods of this earth."

"I was astonished—

"You fell into a reverie," continued he, "produced by a contemplation of the happiness of a society existing without any difference, and where no human breath should be wasted on a sigh, no ear tortured with a groan, no tears to trickle, no griefs or calamities to wring the heart."

"Yes, father!" said I, catching the idea with my former enthusiasm, "that would be my wish—that my greatest, first desire."

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"Then seest thou," interrupted he, "the extent of thy wish, suppose you could realize it, which, thank God! you cannot."

"What! thank God that I cannot? are these your thoughts?"

"Yes, my son; and ere Madonna marks the progress of ten minutes with her sceptre, they will be your's too."

"Impossible!"

"Hear me, my son!—Is not death a horrible precipice to the view of human creatures?"

"Assuredly," said I—"the most horrible: human laws declare that, by resorting to it for punishment, is the ultimatum of all terrible inflictions."

"When, then," said he, "covered as we are with misery, to leave this world is so insupportable to the human reflection, what must it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taste of in this life? Mark me, child!" said he, with an animated zeal that gave an expression to his countenance beyond any thing I had ever seen: "the miseries, the calamities, the heart-rendings, and the tears, which are so intimately interwoven by the great Artist in our natures as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place our security of a future state, and in the next place serve to slope the way before us; and, by gradual operation fit our minds for viewing, with some sort of fortitude, that hideous chasm that lies between us and that state death. View those miseries, then, as special acts of mercy and commiseration of a beneficent Creator, who with every calamity, melts away a link of that earthly chain that fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his blessings and his goods, when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment: receive his afflictions, too, with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude. Thus, and no otherwise, you will realize all your Utopian flights of desire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations

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which you cannot alter, and, if you could, would most certainly alter for the worse."

"I sat absorbed in reflection—The Friar, after some pause, proceeded—

"Errors arising from virtuous dispositions and the love of our fellow-creatures, take their complexion from their parent motives, and are virtuous. Your wishes, therefore, my son! though erroneous, merit reward; and, I trust, will receive it from that Being who sees the recesses of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed to make their way to your understanding, let your adventure of to-day impress this undeniable maxim on your mind—so limited is Man, so imperfect in his nature, that the extent of his virtue borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error."

"I thought he was inspired; and, just as he got to the last period, every organ of mine was opened to take in his words.

"'Tis well, my son!" said he—"I perceive you like my doctrine: then (changing his manner of speaking, his expressive countenance the whole time almost anticipating his whole words) take some more of it," said he gaily, pouring out a fresh glass, I pleaded the fear of inebriety—"Fear not," said he; "the beer of this Convent never hurts the intellect."

"Our conversation continued till near dinner-time; for I was so delighted, I scarcely knew how to snatch myself away: such a happy melange of piety and pleasantry, grave wisdom and humour, I had never met. At length, the Convent-bell tolling, I rose: he took me by the hand, and, in a tone of the most complacent admonition, said, "Remember, my child! as long as you live, remember the Convent of the Carmelites; and in the innumerable evils that certainly await you if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old Friar AUGUSTINE will afford you comfort."

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"Father!"



"Father!" returned I, "be assured I carry away from you a token that will never suffer me to forget the hospitality, the advice, or the politeness of the good father AUGUSTINE. Poor as I am in natural means, I can make no other return than my good wishes, nor leave any impression behind me: but as my esteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, make me wish not to be forgotten, accept this (a seal ring, with a device in hair, which I happened to have on my finger;) and whenever you look at it, let it remind you of one of those, I dare say, innumerable instances, in which you have contributed to the happiness and improvement of your fellow-creatures."

"The good old man was affected, took the ring, and attended me to the Convent gate, pronouncing many blessings, and charging me to make Augsburg my way back again to England if possible, and take one glass more of the Convent ale."

## A NEW DESCRIPTION OF ST PETERSBURG;

THE METROPOLIS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

[From Letters from Scandinavia.]

**PETERSBURG**, with all its stately palaces, and gilded domes, is situated in the midst of a wood, as wild and barren as any in the north. It presents a wonderful picture of what power and genius can accomplish. Independently of art, the Neva is its only ornament: a dead, sandy, flat country, covered with brush wood, surrounds it upon every side; a few miserable huts, scattered about, complete the scene.

Petersburg is the emporium for naval, Moscow for rural affairs. The Russian Empire, extending over a considerable part of Europe and Asia, must have a capital city to every kingdom of which it consists. To-

bolsky

St. Petersburg is the chief city of the Russian dominions under the pole, and bordering upon China; Petro Pauloufsky, of the eastern countries, adjoining to America and Japan; Orenburg, of the provinces bordering upon Tartary and India; Casan and Astrakan, of the kingdoms of the same name, near the frontiers of Persia; Cherson, of the Crimea, and provinces adjoining; and Kioff and Mohilow, of the Ukraine, and Little and White Russia, bordering upon Turkey and Poland.

The city of Petersburg is not huddled together: it spreads out like the wings of the imperial eagle. The principal quarter stands upon the continent, and upon the south banks of the river Neva; the second division is what is called Old Petersburg, and is situated upon several islands toward the north banks; the third quarter upon Williams island, in the middle channel of the Neva, between the other two. This noble river, after embracing the whole in its course, empties itself into the Gulph of Finland, immediately below the city. The old city, originally built on one island, bearing its name, now stretches over several lesser ones.—It is very irregularly built, and consists chiefly of wooden houses: here, however, are the first objects that draw attention—the citadel, in which is the cathedral, a fine pile of building, with its gilded spire and turrets; whose sparkling grandeur strikes the eye at a great distance, and marks the sacred spot, where lie interred, the remains of Peter I. and his empress, the Livonian villager, Catharine I. This is the Russian Mecca, and none but infidels will neglect to make a pilgrimage to it. Mahomet's splendid imposture collects together a crowd of vagrant Turks and Arabs; but the mausoleum of Peter attracts the philosopher as well as the warrior, from every corner of enlightened Europe: the first admires the legislator: the second comes to touch the bones of Scanderbeg!

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The boat which gave Peter the idea of building a navy, is carefully preserved in a small house near the sepulchre, it is emphatically called the Grand Sire. Before this relic was deposited here, a naval review took place at Cronstadt: the Grand Sire had the honour of carrying the admiral's flag, and received a general salute from the Russian fleet.

Some will say, that the Russian nation is not yet civilized; and that Peter only began the work of civilization—of arts and sciences. What a narrow thought! When the work is finished it is his. Will succeeding monarchs think themselves disgraced in being named the disciples of this immortal prince? He gave the plan of the building—he laid the foundations, and reared a part of the walls! Succeeding monarchs are his workmen, his bricklayers, slaters, carpenters, painters, and upholsterers.

Catharine II. is the most distinguished of Peter's work people, and has made such elegant improvements upon the original plan, that it is so far become her own. The hatchet was the emperor's favourite instrument: his work was useful, but unpolished. He seemed to be sensible of this, and early called in the assistance of a female. Another Catharine is born to him: the fine arts go hand in hand with those of war, of agriculture and commerce.

From Old Petersburg, we proceeded along a bridge of boats, to Williams Island. Upon the north side, and fronting the old town, are the merchants wharfs, the exchange, the custom house, and warehouses. In the river, between Old Petersburg and Williams Island, lie all the vessels that take down to Cronstadt, the produce of Russia, to the larger foreign ships, that cannot come to Petersburg, the channel being narrow and shallow at the mouth of the river. These vessels likewise bring from Cronstadt all goods imported, landing them at the custom-house, to secure the duties. The south side of Williams Island fronts the new city of Petersburg;

Petersburg; and here is built a superb line of houses, among which are the Imperial Academies and the Museum. The Imperial Academy of Sciences is a grand structure, and is amply endowed for its support. The professors are eminent in the republic of letters, and are of different nations. Her imperial Majesty, to adorn those establishments, selects merit from every climate and country.

The museum is situated upon the highest and east point of Williams Island, opposite to the imperial palace upon the continent to the south; and the citadel to the north. The west point of this island reaches to the mouth of the Neva. The museum, I beg her imperial Majesty's pardon, is a small ware house, containing samples of the various productions of her empire. This world of dominion furnishes a museum of itself; yet no expence has been spared to complete the collection with every curious production from other countries. Here the naturalist and merchant find equal pleasure; the one views with rapture, the veins of gold, silver, and lead, in the native ore; the other considers how much one hundred weight will produce of pure metal.

The Cadet Corps, or Academy of War, formerly the palace of prince Menzikoff, is situated between the academy of sciences and the museum; is the nursery of young warriors, the sons of the nobility and gentry; and from this seminary of Mars, are taken the officers for the army. The palace of the prince Menzikoff was applied to its present use by count Munich. There are a number of buildings adjoining, for the accommodation of the young gentlemen.

The history of Menzikoff is romantic. Raised from the humblest station to the rank of prince, then racked upon the wheel of fortune; yet, in every situation, the military art continued his favourite study. During his banishment in Siberia, the table of his cottage was always covered with maps and plans of the countries,

countries, the seats of former wars, and of battles in which he had been engaged; still delighting in what had occasioned his fall, and poring over his destruction! It must appease his manes, that his house is still the nursery of war.

Except this line of building upon the banks of the Neva, and another street, the whole of this quarter of the city consists of wooden houses. These are built very regularly in streets intersecting each other at right angles; canals run through the middle of the streets; but, owing to the level surface of the ground, the water in them, in the heat of summer, stagnates, and is offensive.

A bridge of boats crosses the Neva opposite the Cadet Corps, making a communication from Williams Island to the grand quarter of the city upon the continent. As you walk along this bridge, you have a front view of the equestrian statue of Peter I. which is erected upon the opposite bank of the river; the horse, upon the summit of a rock, majestically rearing, and pawing the air—seems conscious of his rider—"he smells the battle afar off; his neck is clothed with thunder." Around the statue are always several Russians, attended by some biographer.

You can trace, without any knowledge of the language, by the gestures of the orator and his audience, when he is recording the defeat at Narva; or the victory at Pultowa. They add, in these orations, that Peter stood upon the very rock which now supports his effigy, while he beheld the Swedish army fly from the field of battle. I have taken a drawing of this celebrated work of M. Falconer. I was assisted by an engraving from a drawing of Young, and have endeavoured to correct some errors in that drawing; or perhaps his engraver has not done justice to the drawing. 'When an heroic monument,' says M. Falconer, 'is, to be consecrated to the memory of a prince, and this prince has atchieved great matters in various and even

opposite



opposite departments—he has gained victories in war—he has enacted wise laws, and founded establishments conducive to the happiness of his people in time of peace—his academical eulogium may turn upon both these texts: but in a statue, which can represent but one instance, we must consider and choose. If we give a preference to his civil qualities over his military virtues, this preference cannot justly be condemned, till it shall certainly be determined which of these two kinds of glory belongs more particularly to him, who has so well deserved them both; but more especially, which of them was most useful to the happiness of mankind. The habit I have given the statue of Peter the Great, is the habit of all nations—of all men—of every age—in a word, it is an heroic habit.

Upon the right hand of the statue, and to the east, is the Admiralty and Dock-yards, and immediately beyond these the imperial palace. At this instant, there are two first rate ships of war building under the palace windows! From the admiralty spire, all the streets run out as radii from the centre of a circle.—The principal street is that line of buildings, fronting the Neva, for an extent of between three and four English miles. The bank, for the same extent, is lined with granite stone, with balustrades, and footpaths of the same materials. Near the extremities of this superb street, called the Grand Million, and which, taking the course of the Neva, forms a vast obtuse angle, a canal is cut across the main land, making the base of this angle, and surrounding the city upon the continent to the south; so that this quarter is entirely inclosed, with the Neva on one side, and this canal upon the other, for an extent of about eight miles; the whole bank lined with granite stone, having granite balustrades or iron railing. Over these canals are erected draw-bridges, likewise built of granite stone. The quarter without this canal may be deemed the suburbs; the houses are mostly of wood, but the  
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houses within the canal are mostly of brick, and plastered, painted with every variety of colours. No house is suffered to be rebuilt within the canal, of wood, but with brick; and the new is quickly driving the old city out of the gates! Amid these modern fabrics, the Russian churches every where shoot up their antique turrets! The Russians hold the form of their church-walls as sacred as their forms of religion within them. The roofs are covered with block-tin, and many of them gilded.

There are in Petersburg, three imperial palaces: the palace near the admiralty, in which her imperial majesty resides, is a magnificent edifice of brick fluccod, and adjoining, is a long range of buildings fronting the Neva, including the private theatre of the court. The Marble Palace is built of the stone which gives it this name. The architect has made, what ought to have been the gavel, the front of this superb building, which seems itself to blush at its posture.—The third is the Summer Palace, built of timber, and yet the most regular and elegant. It is placed in the summer gardens, upon the banks of the river, and is truly a delightful residence.

The Russian nobles, and even the middling ranks, exceed in the elegance of their houses. In the Asiatic style, they are all built in squares; an open court in the centre, to which is an entry, by a large gate-way. With this taste is mixed the Grecian and Italian: and the Corinthian, Ionic, and other ornaments are too much crowded upon the slight fabric of brick and plaster. It would be better to finish their houses in a plainer style: and the easier expence would enable the possessors to keep them in better repair. Nothing looks so tawdry as a Corinthian cornice of plaster in ruins. The new church near the equestrian statue is a building of the finest Siberian marble, and will be one of the most costly and superb structures in the universe. The graniet banks of the Neva, the equestrian statue  
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of Peter I. and this admirable building, will deliver down to the latest posterity the name of Catharine II. But Catharine is imperial in every thing; and posterity will overlook even these monuments, amid the continued display of great actions. The palace near the admiralty, is situate at the point of the angle which the river makes; and here the Neva rolls his tide, embracing the lodging of his sovereign. From this spot, one has the grandest prospect imaginable: before you upon the other side of the river, is the old city, with its citadel and gilded spire; the houses surrounded or intermixed with woods. Williams Island presents another prospect, of a different nature: a wood of masts, planted in front of the streets. To the right and left is the Grand Million, every house in which is of elegant structure, and inhabited by the principal Russian nobility and gentlemen. The admiralty dock-yards are soon to be removed to Cronstadt, a more convenient place, adapted to the site of the naval yards. The vacancy from the palace to the equestrian statue and senate house, will be filled with buildings; and the Grand Million will be one continued range of taste and splendour.

I am at a loss to guess what induced the emperor to pitch upon so awkward a spot for dock-yards; from which the ships must be transported to Cronstadt, over shoals, by means of wooden camels, when this trouble could have been so easily avoided by building his navy at the harbour where they lie, and where there is a great depth of water and every accommodation. The machines called camels are constructed of two pieces, or a sort of half-vessels, but of a singular shape. They are square at the bottom, the ends, and one side; the other side is hollow and rounding. These half-vessels are sunk to a proper depth, one at each side of the ship of war they are intended to carry; and their hollow sides, being drawn close to her, form a capacious womb which embraces the ship of war.

EXTRACTS

## EXTRACTS

From the "SURVEY OF THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS."

[By Mr Marshall]; drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture.]

**T**HIS district, by situation, occupies the central and northern parts of Perthshire, and may be said to be situated in the centre of the kingdom at large. Its elevation above the sea is great. The vallies that wind among the mountains form the habitable parts of the district, which bear a small proportion to the surface of the whole. These vallies are narrow, seldom more than the sides and the roots of the hills, with perhaps a narrow chain of haughs, or river-formed lands in the bottoms.

The soil of a country, whose surface is greatly diversified, is generally found to be various. In this case, however, the limits of variety are narrower than they are in most other hilly countries. There is no clay (strictly speaking) and very little light sandy soil found in the Highlands.

The soil of the vallies is pretty uniformly a brown loam, of great natural fertility, as appears most evidently in the flax it produces, a species of soil which is frequently found on the sides of the hills to a great height; even on the tops of the lower stages of hill, we frequently find some depth of similar soil, under the black moory earth of the heath. But on so varied a surface, uniformity either of quality or depth must not be expected. In the Highland vallies unless on the river-formed haughs, the soil may be said to be lodged in the pits and hollows formed by the irregular surface of the subjacent rock, or among large loose stones, thrown confusedly upon the surface. On what may be termed the natural surface of the Highland vallies, there are no large areas of free culturable soil, like those

those found in the more southern parts of the Island. It is, in general, rugged in the extreme; and even the scanty plots of free surface, which now are observable, have many of them been evidently cleared by the industry of man; for even the haughs are some of them still found strewed with large fragments of rock, and other large stones, torn from the mountain sides by torrents, or thrown from them in the general formation.

The soil of the hills of the Highlands of Scotland, compared with that of the moorlands of Yorkshire, has a decided preference: unless upon the summits of the higher mountains, and where the rock breaks out at the surface; or where this is encumbered with loose stones, or fragments of rocks, the hills of the Highlands generally enjoying some portion of soil, or earthy stratum, beneath a thin coat of moor, while on the Yorkshire hills, the moory earth, generally of greater thickness, lies on a dead sand, or an infertile rubble, without any intervening soil.

From that sort of general knowledge which I must necessarily have of both districts, I am of opinion, that the Highland hills, (apart from the summits of the higher mountains,) are of three or fourfold the value of the eastern moorlands of Yorkshire; more especially of the central and southern swells; the narrow tract which hangs to the north, between Guisborough and Whitby is of a better quality; very similar, in soil, to the lower hills of the Highlands.

From this and various other instances, which I have observed, in different parts of the island, and most particularly in the district I am now describing, it appears to be a fact, that the slopes of hills, whose inclination or aspect is toward the north, are, at this time, more fertile than those which lie with a southern aspect.

Several conjectures might be formed to account for this phenomenon. Soils lying with a southern aspect  
are



are more liable to be acted upon by an alternacy of frost and thaw, than those of a contrary aspect; which frequently remain locked fast and secure from waste, while the other is loosened by the sun and carried off by showers falling in the intervals of thaw. At all times, soils which face the south, are more liable to be carried away by heavy rains, which are generally impelled from the south or south-west: the exhaustion too, of south aspect soils, stimulated by a more genial climature, may have been greater during ages past than those which have lain with a northern aspect.— But these by the way; others might be adduced, were this a proper place for physical researches.

*Subsoil*—Where the depth of soil is altogether uncertain, and where there is no regularity of strata near the surface, the subsoil cannot be spoken of with precision. The river-formed lands, in the bottoms of the vallies, are the only parts of the Highlands, in which a regularity of soil and subsoil is observable. Here the top soil is gravelly loam of various qualities, and the subsoil gravel, or sand and gravel; sometimes of great depth, and of a fertile nature, if we may judge from the rapid growth, and the unusual size of trees, rooted in these river-formed lands. All that requires to be said of the substrata of the native soils is, that in general, they are of a sound, dry, absorbent nature; with a considerable proportion of cold bottomed land, scattered in patches on the slopes, and here and there bloated plots of boggy tendency, bearing little more than aquatic plants; yet it is observable, that quick sands and rotten grounds, excepting the peat mosses of the hills, are less prevalent here, than in most hilly districts. There are no hidden beds of clay, to check the descent of internal waters; the surfaces of solid rock alone, it is probable, return them to the surface.

*Quarries*—The useful fossils of the Highlands are,  
 1. Limestone, which is found in sufficient quantity,  
 and

and of a tolerable quality, in many parts of them.  
 2. Slates, raised on the southern skirts of this district.  
 3. A blue building stone, of a nature sufficiently free, to be easily dressed, is dug out of the southern heights; the surface, in most cases, affording a sufficiency of rough stones for ordinary buildings.

But, in the extent and magnitude of these mountains, no productive mines have yet been discovered, at least within the limits of the district under notice, excepting one of lead, on its western verges. Coals have recently been sought for, by men of the first experience, without a probability of success.

*Roads.*—There are no toll roads in the Highlands. The great public roads across the district are chiefly military; formed and supported by Government, for the purpose of conveying artillery, stores, &c. with greater readiness, between the different forts and garrisons. These roads have been conducted originally, in a most injudicious manner, in straight lines, across hills and vallies. They are now, however, under judicious management, and have already received great improvement with respect to line, and are mostly well kept. The road between Blair of Athol and Dunkeld is equal to the best roads about the southern metropolis.

Even the Highland roads, which are repaired by the country, are tolerable carriage roads. Indeed, the substratum being almost uniformly gravel or stone, it would be difficult to render them impassable. The most effectual way to do it, however, is practised — The material of repair is earth, grubbed out of the banks, or taken from the adjoining grounds, while stones lie an incumbrance on every side, and gravel perhaps at no great distance. But, in the Highland practice, neither hammer nor cart is used in the repair of roads. It need not be added, that the first fall of rain washes away the loose earth, leaving the stones it contains as stumbling blocks to travellers.

The

The peat roads, the bye roads of the glens, and the private roads of the tenants, are execrable. The peat roads are mere gullies, which, however, previous to the season of use, are filled up, so as to be rendered passable to Highland horses, with soil taken from the adjacent brae, which is thus ingeniously divested of the scanty portion with which nature has furnished it.

It is observable, that the public roads of the Highlands, considering the nature of the country, are remarkably level, beyond comparison more so than those of Devonshire, and other districts, whose hills are comparably lower. The Highland roads seldom cross the hills. Nature, as it were, with intention, has in most cases rent the general ridge of hill between the glens or vallics, so as to give an easy passage to the road.

Another observation, equally applicable to the roads of the Highlands, and those of the kingdom at large, is, that they are much more easily kept in repair than the roads of England, where long teams are in use; for, in Scotland, seldom more than one horse is seen in a carriage of burden; the load, of course, is proportionably lighter.

*Inclosures.*—Speaking generally of the Highlands, they may be said to lie in an open state. The lands of different proprietors are frequently, but not always, divided by “march dykes,” namely, stone walls. And farms upon the same property are sometimes separated, that the groups of petty tenants may interfere the less with each other. Also about residences, now or recently occupied, inclosures are sometimes seen; but we rarely meet with farms, of regularly inclosed fields, as in the southern provinces; nor are the separations which occur, (those of plantations and other kept grounds excepted,) considered or intended as fences against sheep, which still over-run the country during the six months of winter, when the

the entire district may be said to lie in the most perfect state of common.

*Produce.*—The natural produce of the Highlands, wild as they now appear, would be difficult to ascertain. Tradition speaks of the woodlands of the hills, in former time, and probably with some foundation. Timber is sometimes found in the peat bogs; but the pieces which I have seen, have been of the smaller woods; as the birch, the alder, and the hawthorn.

In a general view, the present produce of the central Highlands, may be said to be a small proportion of arable crops; a greater proportion of green pasturage and meadow; a vast extent of heath, intermixed with herbage, and scattered with rocks and stones, with some extensive tracts of natural and planted woods; whilst, however, much of the country is in a manner destitute of woodlands; several of the smaller glens may be said to be without timber, and without a hedge, or a tree to break the uniform and desert-like nakedness of the country.

*Inhabitants.*—The Highland character is strongly marked; unusual circumstances having concurred in forming it. It might be wrong, however, to attempt its history here. It may be sufficient to say, that out of the aggregate of those circumstances, grew a strongly featured character, inquisitive to gain information, cautious to retain it, and artful and active in applying it to advantage; features, which, though somewhat altered, by a change of circumstances, still mark, to this day, the Highland character.

I must not, however, omit, in this place, to do justice to the moral character of the modern Highlander. Murder, cruelty, or even theft, is rarely heard of, nor are riotings, drunkenness, or any kind of debaucheries at present prevalent among them, comparatively, at least with other districts of the island. This, in my mind, is a proof, that whatever irregularities they may have been led to, by the nature

of their former government and pursuits, they did not proceed from a natural depravity of moral character, which could not have been completely corrected in so short a time, as that which has elapsed since the suppression of the feudal authorities. Most happy circumstances to the Highlands, and fortunate for the united kingdom at large.

The established language of the Highlands is Erse, a dialect of the Gaelic, which is probably among the most ancient of the living languages of Europe. From the names of most places in the Highlands, being accurately defined by the circumstances of situation, the Erse may seem to have been the language of its first settlers; but rather, perhaps of a colony from an enlightened country, suppressing the language of former possessors, and establishing their own; there being some few names of places which cannot, I understand, be derived from the Gaelic tongue.

The English language, however, is now working its way into the most inward recesses of the Highlands, and will, in a few years, probably supersede the use of the Erse; a circumstance, which, whenever it may take place, will be fortunate for the country, as it will assimilate it more intimately with the neighbouring districts. It is now taught in the schools of the central Highlands, and spoken in greater purity here than in the Lowland districts. From the intercourse, however, which the Highlanders have with those districts, and from the teachers having the Lowland accent, the tone, and many of the provincialisms of the Lowlands are in use.

*Habitations.*—Formerly sod huts were the common habitations of the tenantry of the central Highlands, and they are still in use in the more northern districts. Those huts were built with sods, or thick turf taken from the pasture lands, and having remained a few years in the capacity of walls, were pulled down, and spread over the arable fields as manure, another square



of rock being laid bare, and another set of sods piled up for the same purpose. The materials of the roof were used and still are used, in the same intention, and perhaps the roof itself, in places where wood was plentiful and peats difficult to procure, was pulled to pieces for fuel, and a new one (culled from the nearest wood, at the tenant's pleasure) set up in the form of a roof to dry, for a future store of fuel.

At present the building material is stone, but no cement as yet is in use, except in particular cases. The houses and office and buildings of ordinary farmers are of dry-stone, the dwelling-houses having been stopt on the inside with loam, to prevent the wind from blowing through the walls, which are seldom more than five or six feet high; perhaps without glass in the windows, and with door-ways so low, that even a middle-sized man must stoop, not into the house only but into the barn. The roof is set on with "couples," or large principal rafters, steep in the walls two or three feet above the foundation, generally upon large stones set to receive their feet. Upon these couples, lines of "pantries," or pur lines, are fixed and resting on, these rough boughs, (stript however of the leaves and smaller twigs,) are laid rafterways, and termed "cabbers," upon these, "divot," or thin turf, laid on it in the manner of slates; and upon this sod covering, a coat of thatch, composed of straw, rushes, heather or fern; the last being drawn up by the roots, or cut close to the ground, in the month of October, and laid on with the root ends outward, making a durable thatch. The gables and the ridge are loaded with "feal," thick sods taken from the deepest and best soil, no matter where; another vile practice.

*Food.*—A vegetable diet, with milk and its productions, prevails throughout the Highlands. Animal food is rarely tasted by the lower order of tenantry. Oatmeal is the great support and strength of the Highlanders, and is, probably, the most substantial of vegetable

table foods. In supporting severe bodily exercise, it is found to be much superior to wheat flour, which, at present, makes no part of the Highlander's food. "Beer,"—big,—or four-rowed barley, nevertheless, enters largely into their diet, especially into bread; peas too are eaten in a similar shape, namely, thin flaccid cakes, called bannocks, the ordinary bread even of the gentry or lairds. Of late, potatoes have become a principal food of the common people, especially in winter; and are considered as the greatest blessing that modern times have bestowed on the country, in having, it is probable, more than once, saved it from the miseries of famine.

Before the introduction of this root, inestimable in a country overstocked with inhabitants, famines were frequent in the Highlands; the inhabitants having had sometimes recourse to the blood of cattle, drawn for the purpose of prolonging a wretched existence until the return of harvest. Even since that happy æra, a year of scarcity is the cause of much distress; for still the central Highlands do not produce a sufficient supply of vegetable food for their inhabitants. Meal is, every year, I believe, brought into it, and some years in considerable quantities; and this, notwithstanding, the country, if fully reclaimed and properly cultivated would, I am of opinion, produce more than enough for the present or a greater number of inhabitants.

#### MANAGEMENT OF ESTATES.

*Under the feudal system.*—The management of estates as landed property, could be but little attended to; the possession itself depended too often on force of arms, rather than on legal right, and it was more necessary to train the tenantry to war than to rural improvements.

On the large estates of the Chieftains, an officer under the name of *Chamberlain*, was at once minister, general, and manager of the estate.

Under

Under these circumstances, and particularly in the times of disturbance, the tenants might be said to be in full possession of their respective holdings; neither their chieftain nor his chamberlain dared to remove them, nor even to check their evil practices;—such as cutting down timber and other wood; not only for building and implements, but for its bark, (it being recently the practice for every man to tan leather for his own consumption,) leaving the debarked wood perhaps to rot in the place of its growth; circumstances in themselves sufficient to account for the decay of forests, and the present nakedness of the country, in places remote from the residences of the chieftains; where respect, if not fear, might check such baneful depredations.

Nor, under these circumstances, could any plan of improvement be prosecuted, even during times of greater tranquillity, for the length of the day of peace was uncertain; and a good soldier, or a fool-hardy desperado, was of more value than a good husbandman. Indeed the works of agriculture in those warlike times were necessarily carried on in a great measure by the women: a circumstance which accounts for their present habits of labour and industry.

And another necessary consequence of those extraordinary circumstances was still more subversive of improvements, and more lasting in its effects. The farms were divided and subdivided to make room for a greater number of soldiers, and were thus frittered down to the atoms in which they are now found, and the country burdened with a load of tenantry, which has hitherto been considered as a bar, even under a change of circumstances, to the prosecution of any rational plan of management.

The larger estates are divided into *Officiaries*, each consisting of an ancient barony, or an arbitrary modern division, better suited to the present circumstances of the estate.

On the banks of Loch Tay, these officaries contain from one to three square miles of valley lands each, with their proportion of hill, comprising from ten to twenty "towns" or farms; each farm, or petty township, being subdivided into farmlets; generally from two to six or eight in number; or in some few instances the farms remain entire, or have been brought back to their original entirety.

In each of these officaries resides a *Ground Officer*, generally a principal tenant, whose office is somewhat similar to that of the bailiff of an English manor, but more extensive and more useful; he not only distributes orders or notices, from the lord or factor to the tenants, but sees the services performed (from which he is himself exempt), the roads kept in repair, the removal of tenants, the settling of disputes, the forwarding of dispatches, &c.

Also in each officary are *Birley men*, sworn appraisers or valuers; who are called in by the ground officer (at the request of the manager) to settle disputes between the landlord and the tenants, or between tenant and tenant.

These petty inquests are extremely convenient upon an extensive estate, and might be well introduced (in their present, or in an improved form) upon the larger estates of the island in general. The several officers being resident within their respective officaries, know the parties and the matters in dispute more intimately than any large proprietor, or any agent of a large estate possibly can: and if a manager distinguish properly between the useful information they are capable of giving him, and the partialities which they must necessarily form among the tenantry, he may on many occasions render them highly beneficial to the due performance of his charge, which, where the happiness of thousands depends more or less on his conduct, is a thing of no light importance.

*Tenantry*

*Tenancy.*—The nature of the hold, or occupancy of the Highland tenants, is principally that of tenant at will, holding from year to year. If leases or tacks, as they are called, be granted for a term of years, the term is generally one or more nineteen years, a number which one would think nothing but caprice would have rendered customary. Life leases, too, are granted, or have been granted, in Scotland; perhaps for three lives and a nineteen years, or three nineteen years and a life.

*Rent.*—The rate of rent varies much on different estates. The smaller estates may have been raised to something near their rental value: but the larger I believe remain at rents much below the real value of their respective soils; even when the disadvantages of situation and climate are taken into the estimate. Nevertheless, it appears equally evident, that while the present state of things remains, while the holdings remain so small, so inconvenient, so exposed, and so uncertain as to possession as they are at present, estates in general may be said to be at rack rent. No man could wish to see the occupiers of lands in a lower state than are at present the smaller tenants of the Highlands; indeed, were their holdings free they could not through their means enjoy the common comforts of life equally with the day labourers of other districts.

Formerly the rents were paid in kind, as grain, poultry, &c.; and still what are called " victual or rents in grain," are paid, but " money rents" are becoming yearly more prevalent.

*State of Husbandry.*—After the cursory view which I took of the Highlands in the summer of 1792, I left with ideas rather favourable to its state of cultivation. The corn, before I reached this part of the Highlands, had grown tall enough to hide weeds; the braes were green, and through the moistness of the season full of grass, the sheep were upon the hills; and the cattle which I saw were full of condition.

But



But in the more deliberate survey of last year, fresh facts arose, especially in the spring season. In the latter end of April, and the early part of May, the country exhibited the most desolate and distressing picture. Not the faintest appearance of greenness, nor even blade of pasturable herbage to be detected, except in the parks and paddocks of men of fortune, or the farms of the few superior managers; and there the clover and rye-grass were already in full bite (a most interesting fact!) while the country at large, under the old system of management, lay a mere waste; nothing to be seen but stones and dry blades of couch grass, or other palid remains of unpasturable herbage; the pasture and meadow lands gnawed to the quick, and strewn with the dead carcases of sheep, lying a disgrace and nuisance to the country: their wool waisting away with their carcases as if their owners were ashamed to claim it. The cattle too were in a starving state: some actually starved; others barely able to crawl out of the way of the passenger: calves, and perhaps a few young sheep nibbling off the seedling blades of oats; and the most active of the cattle and sheep running after the plough and harrow, striving for the roots of the weeds turned up, their almost only means of subsistence. But the season had been more than usually severe, and the deaths and distresses somewhat more than is usually experienced.

In the beginning of July, the face of the country was not less striking than it had been in the early part of May. The colour of it had changed from the sickly hue which has been described, to the most vivid assemblage of tints; beautiful to the traveller, but destructive to the occupier, and disgraceful to the country. Oats universally hid under a canopy of weeds in blow, the wild mustard, and the corn marygold predominant; the spurrey, the corn scabious, and the thistle were next in prevalency; with a numerous tribe of minor weeds. The every-year lands (as they are called)

led) of Gloucester may be said to be clean, compared with those of Braedalbane. Some of the oats, it is true, overcame the weeds, and in their turn overtopped them, thus gaining the appearance of a tolerable crop, while others were chiefly wholly smothered beneath the ripening crop of weeds; and the only circumstance which saved the beer from the same disgrace, was its being sown a month too late. Husbandry perhaps never appeared in a lower state, than that in which it is here found: I mean among the smaller tenantry of the Highland estates; a few of the larger farms, even of the ordinary tenants, are exceptions from this prevalent disgrace; nevertheless, nine-tenths of the tenanted lands may be said to be involved in it.

A minute detail of such management would be ill placed in this report; it belongs rather to the antiquary to record that such a state of husbandry once existed; nevertheless, as a ground work of improvement, it may be right to adduce a few leading facts.

*The arable crops* are chiefly oats, and "beer," or big, namely, the square-eared, or four-rowed barley. Wheat is not attempted. Some peas, however, have, I believe, been always grown; chiefly for their halm as winter fodder for horses,) and of late years potatoes and flax.

*The Tillage* of the Highlands is intolerable; no fallow; the soil ploughed once for oats, and twice or thrice for beer (the first a half ploughing; provincially, and properly enough, "ribbing.") Potatoes are cultivated in rows, and mostly with the plough, in the North of England and Lowlands manner. I have seen a small patch planted on unploughed ground, in shallow trenches or grooves made with a Highland spade;" a rude implement with which the balks and interspaces between stones, &c. which the plough cannot move, are turned over; the ground it may be said is never completely stirred; the soil is rarely free from hidden stones, besides the teams are weak, and the ploughmen bad;

bad; leaning the plough too much to the left, or unploughed ground; scratching the surface rather than ploughing.

Nothing seems more extraordinary in the Highland practice, to a stranger, than the *time of sowing*. In a country where the climate is spoken of as its greatest disadvantage, one would reasonably expect early sowing, to endeavour to counteract this natural defect; or in other words to prevent the evils of a late harvest, one of the loudest complaints of the country. Nevertheless, beer, which might be sown with respect to climate, the latter end of April or the beginning of May, is in the ordinary practice of the country, sown the latter end of May, or in the beginning, or perhaps in the middle of June; at least a month later than in England. The only reason I have ever heard given for this custom is, that the beer, if sown early, would, like the oats, be smothered in weeds; and under the ordinary management of the smaller tenantry, under which the land has been cropped alternately with oats and beer for ages without respite, and without an intervening fallow, or fallow crop, the reasoning may be good; there needs not however a better argument to show that the present system of management is improper and ought to be changed.

The *Summer management of Crops*, is chiefly confined to flax and potatoes. "Lint" is weeded with great care, by women on their knees or haunches, picking out every weed. Potatoes too are kept tolerably clean, and the grain crops have sometimes the thistles picked out. Nevertheless, taking one year with another, the quantity of weed seeds must be nearly equal to that of the grain produced. In some of the oat crops of 1793, the proportion of produce must have been greatly on the side of the weeds.

The business of *Harvest* is well conducted, the women in this, as in other employments, are attentive and laborious. Oats and beer are universally "shorn

will

with sickles, and mostly by women, who cut low, level, and clean, to a degree I have never before observed. These crops are harvested either in sheaves or stocks of twelve, two of them being used as hoods, in the ordinary manner; or in "gaits," namely, single sheaves tied near the top, and set upon their butts, spread abroad for the purpose of giving them the requisite firmness, agreeably to the practice of the North of England.

In the harvesting of *Lint*, one particular is observable: the capsules—provincially bolls, or "bows,"—are pulled off in the field, previously to the stems being carried to the steeping pits.

The operation is performed by means of a large wooden comb fixed in a box, the upper parts of the lint being drawn through the teeth, as through a flax-dresser's tool, the bolls dropping into the box. These bolls are dried, and laid up as winter provender for cows; or if the seeds be sufficiently matured, they are sold to the oil mills.

Lint is now universally dressed with mills, which have been several years introduced into the Highlands. Indeed, in the management of the flax crop, throughout, the Highlands may be said to excel. Its culture is altogether modern, the best mode of management was therefore the more easily introduced, as there were no prejudices to be got rid of.

#### PRINCIPLES OF IMPROVEMENT:

I. Permit the present inhabitants to remain in the country, and to endeavour to make it the greatest interest of every one to assist in its improvement.

II. Use every means of supplying, by art, the natural defects of climature.

III. Reclaim the soil from its present state of rudeness, and endeavour to render every part of it productive.

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IV.

IV. Adapt the productions (whether vegetable or animal, to the soil, the climature, and the present number of inhabitants taken jointly.

And V. Let the subordinate branches of improvement grow out of those leading principles, which I shall consider as the ground work of these proposals.

*Inhabitants.*—The argument which has been held, about whether the Highlands should be inhabited by human species or by sheep, can have no sufficient ground until the country be rendered fully productive, and fit for the support of either. At present it may be said to lie in a state of wildness, not unfamiliar to that of the wilds of America; and certainly the proper time for retrieving it from a state so disgraceful to a civilized nation, is, *while there are people in it*. For, should the Highlands of Scotland be once depopulated, it might be found difficult to re-people them. The present race of inhabitants, it is true, have an extraordinary attachment to their *native soil*; but this is a species of attachment which *cannot* be formed by a stranger; whom it might be found difficult to induce hereafter to take up his abode, in a depopulated, neglected, mountainous country, unless he were led into it by excessive encouragement. Hence, to depopulate the country in its present state, would not only be cruel but impolitic.

*Climature.*—The natural defects of the climature of the Highlands, are,

The severity of Winter.

The backwardness of Spring.

The lateness of the Harvest.

Soften the severities of winter, by sheltering the lower farms with threen plantations, and by dividing them into small inclosures, with well trained hedges. Protect the wintering grounds of the sheep farms, by similar plantations; raise furze, broom, juniper, or other evergreen shrubs, within the shelter of those plantations; and keep the more exposed part of the winter-

ing



ing ground in a full bite of herbage, previous to the approach of winter.

The great difficulty of *introducing improvements* in agriculture, among men prejudiced in favour of ancient practices, is that of setting them examples, in such a way as to convince them, that certain profits accrues to men of their own class, from the alteration. The improvements of men of fortune, though ever so great and evident, are passed as matters in which they have no concern.

Upon the Highland estates, and upon estates divided into officiares, an eligible mode of introduction seems evident. Make choice of a *ground officer*, who is capable and willing to set the requisite examples; no matter where he is found, nor what encouragement within reason is given him. Set out a suitable farm near the centre of his officary, and fix him there by suitable inducements. Whatever excellent, required to be introduced, and whatever new, to be tried, furnish him with the means of executing his design. If an improvement in the breeds of stock be required, furnish him with a male, and perhaps females of the best quality. If a new species or variety of crop, a new implement or operation, be thought fit to be tried, confide the trial to him; and if it succeed, let him shew the result to his neighbours, and instruct them, if desired, in the due culture, performancy, or use of it. Thus, from the centre of each officary, the rays of improvement would expand; while, by furnishing the several officers with the same means of improvement, an emulation among them would give each attempt a fair opportunity of success; and by their joint efforts, even the largest estate might be rapidly improved.

## THE LADIES ADVISED TO GET HUSBANDS.

*With a beautiful Engraving,*

FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

**A**S the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners; as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses, are all from abroad; I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly chusing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the stomach, and all the thorough bred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar; a citizen and a prig, a squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous fimper, to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or chusing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all. Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never like to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as

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fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty three; or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, shewing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap, or a roll of pomatum; the other in the shape of an electuary, or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill nature till they know him false; let not prudes alledge the falseness of the sex, coquets the pleasure of long courtships, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then *sic argumentor*—but, not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blest with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquet. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, whilst the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in the neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing; their mother taught them all the secrets of this art, she shewed them which were the most likely places to



throw out the line, what ba the various seasons, and the the finny prey, when they ha ner they spent their time, e day, the princess being indi catch her a surgeon or a sha fancied might sit easy on b ters obeyed; and clapping bait on those occasions, wen rocks, letting the gilded h stream.

On the opposite shore, fa of the river, lived a diver fo long habit in his trade, was so that he could remain wh the water without ever fet ed to be at that very insta were fishing with the gilded the bait, which to him h gold, he was resolved to se hands being already filled w himself obliged to snap at consequence is easily imagin perceived, was instantly fas he, with all his efforts, or

"Sister," cries the youn tainly caught a monstrous thing struggle so at the end and help me to draw it i fore assist in fishing up the could equal their surprise my eyes!" cries the prude this is a very odd fish to thing in my life look so qu rible claws! what a monst this monster somewhere be tanglang, that eats women the sea where we found it.

## THE HIVE.

what baits were most proper for and the best manner to draw up, they had hooked it. In this manner, easy and innocent; till one being indisposed, desired them to go on or a shark for supper, which she easy on her stomach. The daughter, clapping on a gold fish, the usual lions, went and sat upon one of the gilded hook glide down with the

shore, farther down, at the mouth of a diver for pearls; a youth who, by trade, was almost grown amphibious; remain whole hours at the bottom of ever fetching breath. He happened very instant diving when the ladies the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, to him had the appearance of real, ved to seize the prize; but both his y filled with pearl oysters, he found to snap at it with his mouth. The ily imagined; the hook, before instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could forts, or his floundering get free.

the youngest princess, "I have monstrous fish; I never perceived any at the end of my line before; come, draw it in." They both now there- g up the diver on shore; but nothing r surprise upon seeing him. "Bless the prude, "what have we got here? ld fish to be sure! I never saw any ook so queer! what eyes! what ter- it a monstrous snout! I have read of ewhere before; it certainly must be a ts women; let us throw it back into found it."

The

## THE HIVE.

The diver in the mean time stood at the end of the line, with the hook, using every art that he thought could be, and particularly looking extremely unusual in such circumstances. The child, in some measure influenced by the looks, ventured to contradict her comely word, "sister," says she, "I see no animal so very terrible as you are pleased to make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of cod, and dressed up with shrimp, is very pretty eating. I fancy mamma's with pickles above all things in the world should not sit easy on her stomach, it is enough to discontinue it when found out, I know."—"Horrid!" cries the prudent girl be poisoned? I tell you it is a word read of it in twenty places. It is even called as the most pernicious animal that the ocean. I am certain it is the most insatiable creature in the world: and is certainly taken internally." The youngest sister, before obliged to submit: both assisted the hook with some violence from the side, he, finding himself at liberty, bent on the broad wave, and disappeared in a moment.

Just at this juncture the mother came on the beach, to know the cause of her daughter's complaint. She told her every circumstance, describing the fish they had caught. The old lady was a discreet woman in the world; she had seen the Black-eyed Princess, from two black eyes she received in her youth, being a little addicted to her liquor. "Alas my children!" she said, "have you done? The fish you caught is one of the most tame domestic animals."

time stood upon the beach, the hook in his mouth, ought could best excite pity, extremely tender, which is. The coquet, therefore, and by the innocence of his at her companion. "Upon "I see nothing in the ani- are pleased to apprehend; ough for a change. Always d lobsters, and crawfish, y a slice of this nicely grill- shrimp-sauce, would be mamma would like a bit s in the world; and if it omach, it will be time e- n found disagreeable, you s the prude, "would the ou it is a tanglang; I have "It is every where descri- nimal that ever infested the e most insidious, ravenous is certain destruction if ta- gest sister was now there- th assisted in drawing the from the diver's jaw; and ty, bent his breast against eared in an instant.

another came down to the f her daughters delay; they e, describing the monster lady was one of the most orld; she was called the two black eyes she had re- a little addicted to boxing ildren!" cries she, "what ou caught was a man-fish; nestic animals in the world.

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We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."—"If that be all," says the young coquet, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I'll hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more; but, with all their gilding, and padding, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, without success; till at last, the genius of the place, in pity to their distresses, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquet into an oyster.

THOUGHTS on what are called VARIETIES, both in the  
ANIMAL and VEGETABLE CREATION\*.

THE only rule hitherto adopted by naturalists, to mark the distinction between a species and a variety, is, that though different species of animals of the same genus, may be brought to breed together, (as the horse and the ass) yet the animals thus produced, are not prolific; whereas the progeny arising from an intermixture of different varieties of the same species, are themselves equally prolific as the parents from which they sprang. Adhering to this rule, Dr Pallas, very properly, calls all the kinds of sheep yet known, only varieties of the same species of animal; because he has found that the mixed progeny of the whole are prolific.

\* Written by James Anderson, LL. D. and F. R. S. and published by him, as an appendix to Dr Pallas's Account of the different Kinds of Sheep found in the Russian Dominions, and among the Tartar hordes of Asia.



Naturalists, however, have not stopped here. In their desire for simplification they have gone a step farther, and are now, in general, disposed to maintain, that all the varieties, properly so called, have been produced by accidental deviations only from one parent animal, which they believe has originally constituted the whole of each individual species; they therefore endeavour, in most cases, to fix upon some one of these varieties as having been the original from which all the others have sprung. In both these last assumptions, however, they seem to go farther than facts hitherto well authenticated can authorise them. They reason, at best, only from probabilities, perhaps equally strong against the opinion they have adopted, as for it, the safest course, in this case, would seem to be, at least, to suspend our opinion for the present, and to decline drawing any certain conclusion, till the facts necessary for giving authenticity to any opinion shall have been fully ascertained.

Buffon, who is the least scrupulous of all modern naturalists, has been the most forward to decide in this, as in many other cases. He does not so much as condescend to admit that there can be a doubt in this case; but on all occasions assumes it as a certainty, that all the varieties of one species have been derived from one parent; and boldly raises, upon that supposition, many practical inferences, which, if his theory should prove to be unfounded, might lead to very important errors; so that it is not a matter of idle curiosity to investigate this question.

Among the varieties of the same species of animals, we find very great and striking diversities in respect to size, qualities, appearance, natural instincts, and faculties. Between the largest sized mastiff dog, for example, and the smallest lap dog, when both are well fed, and at full growth, the difference is not, I should suppose, less than as ten to one of absolute weight. The hound, properly so called, possesses the sense of  
smelling

smelling in the highest perfection, so that he pursues his game invariably by the scent. The gaze hound, on the other hand, is perfectly destitute of that sense in regard to the discrimination of game\*, and pursues it invariably by the eye only; whence his name. The pointer and the spaniel, though both possessing the sense of smelling, in great perfection, as well as the hound, are endowed with instincts very different; and exercise the sense of smell each in a way peculiar to its kind. The pointer and the shepherd's dog can be each taught their lesson in their own style with equal facility; but the one can never be brought farther than to act by a sort of mechanical impulse, steadily to one point; while the other can be taught to act, in some measure, like a reasoning animal, who is authorized to vary his conduct as circumstances require; and does so, accordingly, in some cases, with a cautious discretion, that exceeds even some of the human race\*.

Some

\* Here a distinction takes place, somewhat analogous to what is observed to take place among men, with respect to the discrimination of musical sounds. A man may have the sense of hearing sufficiently acute, yet be totally destitute of an ear for music. The greyhound too possesses, I believe, the sense of smelling in some cases sufficiently strong, yet is not able, by that means, to trace his game.

\* Of the sagacity of dogs many instances might be adduced: but none that I have ever met with can equal the following instances of the sagacity of a shepherd's dog; the owner himself having been hanged some years ago for sheep stealing, the following facts, among other respecting the dog, were authenticated by evidence on his trial.—When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretext of looking at the sheep, with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with

Some varieties of dogs take to the water easily, while others avoid it with much care. Some only howl, like the hound; others bark almost incessantly, as the lap dog; others, like the greyhound, seldom let their voice be heard; and others are entirely mute. This slight sketch ought to be sufficient to make one hesitate in admitting, without proof, that such prodigious diversities should all have been the progeny of one common parent.

Were these diversities only casual and apt to vary, it might be more easy for us to give faith to the hypotheses; but this is not the case. Experience has fully proved, that any one breed may be kept perfectly uncontaminated for any length of time, with all its distinctive peculiarities entire, merely by preventing an intermixture by copulation. Nor is this all: it is also known, that if such intermixture be permitted, the descendants will undoubtedly be a mixed breed, evidently participating of the qualities and appearances of both its parents. Between a hound and a grey-hound, a mongrel breed is obtained which possesses the sense of smelling, though in a less degree than the one, and the faculty of fleetness in a less degree than the other of its parents; and its whole external appearance evidently indicates, at first sight, the compound of the stock whence it has descended. The same thing is observable in every other mongrel breed; and after the distinctive qualities have been thus blended together, it

does his dog at his foot, to whom he secretly gave a signal so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of perhaps ten or twelve, out of a flock of some hundreds; he went away, and from a distance of several miles sent back the dog by himself, in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, for the distance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master, to whom he delivered up his charge.

does not seem possible ever to separate them, so as to obtain once more a breed from that progeny, which shall possess the original qualities of either of the parents pure. This may be indeed nearly effected, by crossing repeatedly with a pure individual of the unmixed breed, through many generations; by which means the qualities which were once equally blended, will become so unequally mixed, as that one of them shall not be discernible; just as an equal mixture of milk and water might, by frequent additions of pure water, have the milk so much dilated as to be totally imperceptible.

Now, in this last case, whether is it more natural for me to suppose, when I see the two fluids, milk and water, perfectly distinct, that these fluids were originally separate and distinct things; or to believe that both the milk and the water had been the same thing originally, and by some wonderful process, of which we had seen no example, but much the reverse, had spontaneously separated, and in time become two distinct fluids, both of which we are sure, inevitably to lose, if ever they shall be suffered to mix together again? The production of distinct breeds of animals is equally contradictory to the whole of the experience we have had in the breeding of our domestic animals. It is easy for us, when we please, to adulterate any breed; but it totally exceeds our power, after such adulteration, to recover the pure breed again.

If, with a view to enlarge our ideas on this head, we go to vegetables; in regard to the varieties of which, philosophers entertain nearly the same opinions, we shall find among those that are called varieties very great diversities, so as to continue several distinct classes.

In one class, for example, among which may be ranked the common potatoe, we find that plants, obtained from seeds, are disposed to sport infinitely; and none of the progeny can ever be expected to be found exactly







CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

exactly of the same kind with the parent flock ; so that if that flock be not propagated otherwise than by seeds, it will be lost, never to be recovered. Many plants belong to this class, as pinks, carnations, &c.

Another class of plants, which are equally styled varieties, are not liable to shoot, or indeed to intermingle at all in breeding, but continue to propagate their own kinds by seeds without variation. A third class, like that of animals, may be raised by seeds either pure or unadulterated, or mixed, and of a mongrel breed, at pleasure.

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*The ABSURDITY of PERSONS in HIGH STATION pursuing Employments beneath them. With a beautiful Engraving from the Citizen of the World.*

**H**APPENING some days ago to call at a painter's to amuse myself in examining some pictures, (I had no design to buy), it surprised me to see a young Prince in the working-room, dressed in a painter's apron, and assiduously learning the trade. We instantly remembered to have seen each other ; and, after the usual compliments, I stood by while he continued to paint on. As every thing done by the rich is praised, (as princes here, as well as in China, are never without followers), three or four persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, were placed behind to comfort and applaud him at every stroke.

Need I tell, that it struck me with very disagreeable sensations, " to see a youth, who by his station in life had it in his power to be useful to thousands, thus letting his mind run to waste upon canvas, and at the same time fancying himself improving in taste, and filling his rank with proper decorum."

As seeing an error, and attempting to redress it, are only one and the same with me, I took occasion,

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upon his lordship's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll, intended for the frame of a picture, to assure him, that a mandarine of China thought a minute acquaintance with such mechanical trifles below his dignity.

This reply raised the indignation of some, and the contempt of others ; I could hear the names of Vandal, Goth, taste, polite arts, delicacy, and fire, repeated in tones of ridicule or resentment. But considering that it was in vain to argue against people who had so much to say, without contradicting them, I begged leave to repeat a fairy-tale. This request redoubled their laughter ; but not easily abashed at the raillery of boys, I persisted, observing that it would set the absurdity of placing our affection upon trifles in the strongest point of view ; and adding, that it was hoped the moral would compensate for its stupidity. " For heaven's sake, (cried the great man, washing his brush in water), let us have no morality at present ; if we must have a story, let it be without any moral." I pretended not to hear ; and while he handled the brush, proceeded as follows :

In the kingdom of Bonbobbin, which, by the Chinese annal, appears to have flourished twenty thousand years ago, there reigned a prince endowed with every accomplishment which generally distinguishes the sons of kings. His beauty was brighter than the sun. The sun, to which he was nearly related, would sometimes stop his course in order to look down and admire him.

His mind was not less perfect than his body ; he knew all things without having ever read ; philosophers, poets, and historians, submitted their works to his decision ; and so penetrating was he, that he could tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover. He made epic poems, tragedies, and pastorals, with surprising facility ; song, epigram, or rebus, was all one to him ; though it is observed he could never finish an acrostic. In short, the fairy who presided at his birth  
had

had endowed him with almost every perfection; or, what was just the same, his subjects were ready to acknowledge he possessed them all; and; for his own part, he knew nothing to the contrary. A prince so accomplished, received a name suitable to his merit; and he was called *Bonbenin bonbobbin bonbobbinét*, which signifies *Enlightener of the Sun*.

As he was very powerful, and yet unmarried, all the neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance. Each sent his daughter, dressed out in the most magnificent manner, and with the most sumptuous retinue imaginable, in order to allure the prince: so that at one time there were seen at his court not less than seven hundred foreign princesses, of exquisite sentiment and beauty, each alone sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary men happy.

Distracted in such a variety, the generous Bonbenin, had he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to make choice of one, would very willingly have married them all, for none understood gallantry better. He spent numberless hours of solicitude, in endeavouring to determine whom he should chuse; one lady was possessed of every perfection, but he disliked her eye-brows; another was brighter than the morning star, but he disapproved her song-whang; a third did not lay white enough on her cheek; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disappointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhua, queen of the scarlet dragons.

The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, need no description; both the one and the other were as great as they could be; the beautiful princess was conducted, amidst admiring multitudes to the royal couch, where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, she was placed, in expectance of the youthful bridegroom, who did not keep her long in expectation. He came more

cheerful than the morning, and printing on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to withdraw.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning, that among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice, which being an harmless pastime, none of his counsellors thought proper to dissuade him from: he therefore kept a great variety of these pretty little animals in the most beautiful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he *innocently* spent four hours each day, in contemplating their innocent little pastimes.

But to proceed. The prince and princess were now in bed; one with all the love and expectation, the other with all the modesty and fear, which is natural to suppose; both willing, yet afraid to begin; when the prince happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a white mouse with green eyes, playing upon the floor, and performing an hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and even white mice with yellow eyes; but a white mouse with green eyes, was what he had long endeavoured to possess: wherefore leaping from bed with the utmost impatience and agility, the youthful prince attempted to seize the little charmer, but it was fled in a moment; for, alas! the mouse was sent by a discontented princess, and was itself a fairy.

It is impossible to describe the agony of the prince upon this occasion; he sought round and round every part of the room, even the bed where the princess lay was not exempt from the inquiry: he turned the princess on one side and t'other, stripped her quite naked, but no mouse was to be found; the princess herself was kind enough to assist, but still to no purpose.

"Alas! (cried the young prince in an agony), how unhappy am I to be thus disappointed! never sure was

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so beautiful an animal seen! I would give half my kingdom, and my princess, to him that would find it." The princess, though not much pleased with the latter part of his offer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as she could; she let him know that he had an hundred mice already, which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy any philosopher like him. Though none of them had green eyes, yet he should learn to thank Heaven that they had eyes. She told him, (for she was a profound moralist), that incurable evils must be borne, that useless lamentations were vain, and that man was born to misfortunes; she even intreated him to return to bed, and she would endeavour to lull him on her bosom to repose; but still the prince continued inconsolable; and regarding her with a stern air, for which his family was remarkable, he vowed never to sleep in the royal palace, or indulge himself in the innocent pleasures of matrimony, till he had found the white mouse with the green eyes.

Pr'ythee, Col. Leech, (cried his lordship, interrupting me), how do you like that nose? don't you think there is something of the manner of Rembrandt in it? A prince in all this agony for a white mouse! O ridiculous!—Don't you think, Major Vampyre, that eye-brow stippled very prettily? but pray what are the green eyes to the purpose, except to amuse children? I would give a thousand guineas to lay on the colouring of this cheek more smoothly. But I ask pardon: Pray, Sir, proceed.

Kings, (continued I), at that time were different from what they are now; they then never engaged their word for any thing which they did not rigorously intend to perform. This was the case of Bonbenin, who continued all night to lament his misfortunes to the princess, who echoed groan for groan. When morning came, he published an edict, offering half his kingdom, and his princess, to the person who should catch and bring him the white mouse with green eyes.

The edict was scarce published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese; numberless mice were taken and destroyed; but still the much-wished-for mouse was not among the number. The privy-council were assembled more than once to give their advice; but all their deliberations came to nothing; even though there were two complete vermin-killers and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire; but though these promised well, though in vain he received an assurance, that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes, yet, with all their loyalty, they failed when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

The prince therefore was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lie two nights in one place till he had found what he sought for. Thus quitting his palace without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, high over hills, and down along vales, still restless, still inquiring wherever he came; but no white mouse was to be found.

As one day, fatigued with his journey, he was shading himself from the heat of the mid-day sun, under the arching branches of a banana-tree, meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him; by her sloop, and the wrinkles of her visage, she seemed at least five hundred years old; and the spotted toad was not more freckled than was her skin. "Ah! Prince Bonbenin bonbobbin bonbobbinet, (cried the fairy), what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom? what is it you look for; and what induces you to travel into the kingdom of Emmets?" The prince, who was excessively complaisant, told her the whole story three times over; for she was hard of hearing. "Well, (says the old fairy, for such she was), I promise to put you

you in possession of the white mouse with green eyes, and that immediately too, upon one condition."—"One condition! (cried the prince, in a rapture), name a thousand; I shall undergo them all with pleasure."—"Nay, (interrupted the old fairy), I ask but one, and that not very mortifying neither; it is only that you instantly consent to marry me."

It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand; he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride; he hesitated, he desired time to think upon the proposal; he would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. "Nay, nay, (cried the odious fairy), if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man.—Here, you my attendants, (cried she, stamping with her foot), let my machine be driven up; Barbacela, Queen of Emmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment." She had no sooner spoken, than her fiery chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected, that now or never was the time to be possessed of the white mouse; and quite forgetting his lawful princess Nanhoa, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry fairy. She affected an hideous leer of approbation; and, taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was to the last degree desirous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. "To confess a truth, my prince, (cried she), I myself am that very white mouse you saw on your wedding-night in the royal apartment. I now therefore give you the choice, whether you would have me a mouse by day and a woman by night, or a mouse by night and a woman by day." Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine,

mine, but at last thought it most prudent to have recourse to a blue cat that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently amused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice; in fact, his cat was no other than the faithful princess Nanhoo herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

By her instructions, he was determined in his choice; and returning to the old fairy, prudently observed, that as she must have been sensible he had married her *only for the sake of what she had*, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would, for several reasons, be most convenient, if she continued a woman by day, and appeared a mouse by night.

The old fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply; the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusements; the gentleman talked smug; and the ladies laughed, and were angry. At last the happy night drew near; the blue cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacela entered the chamber, wearing a train of fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed with the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no fairy can break her word; wherefore assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse in the world, she skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty play-fellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing; he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable: it only began, for Nanhoo, who had long waited for the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly, without

without remorse, and eating it up in the hundredth part of a moment, broke the charm, and then resumed her natural figure.

The prince now found that he had all along been under the power of enchantment; that his passion for the white mouse was entirely fictitious, and not the genuine complexion of his soul; he now saw that his earnestness after mice was an illiberal amusement, and much more becoming a rat-catcher than a prince. All his meannesses now stared him in the face, he begged the discreet princess's pardon an hundred times. The princess very readily forgave him; and both returning to their palace in Bonbobbin, lived very happily together, and reigned many years with all that wisdom, which, by the story, they appear to have been possessed of; perfectly convinced, by their former adventures, that *they who place their affections on trifles at first for amusement, will find those trifles at last become their most serious concern.* Adieu.

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### THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

**M**UCH of the following account having been written some years since by the hand which now holds the pen, and been adopted by almost every subsequent writer of Mr Fox's memoirs, little more remains than to bring it down to the present period with uniform Diligence and fidelity. Without this preliminary suggestion, we might be suspected of borrowing from those who have in fact borrowed from us.

In delineating the multifarious character now presented to our readers, we confess ourselves considerably at a loss; and hope to stand excused for any defect of arrangement we may possibly contract from the contradictory and incongruous elements of which our account of this extraordinary political hero must necessarily be composed. Indeed, such a medley of good sense



sense and absurdity, public virtue and private vice, patriotism and despotism, do not often present themselves to our observation: like the patient chemist, we will endeavour thoroughly to annalize the mysterious compound; and happy shall we be to separate every valuable material from the abundance of noxious articles we fear we shall have to encounter; still happier if, among the rest, any particles of sterling honour, of true genuine patriotism, should be found blended with the soil of this Augean stable.

The Right Honourable Charles James Fox, third son of Henry the first Lord Holland, by Lady Georgina Carolina, eldest daughter of his Grace Charles, late Duke of Richmond, and created Baroness Holland on the 6th of May 1762, was born the 24th of January 1749.

The character of Mr Fox's father, as a national defaulter—as well as his life of dissipation, though blended with uncommon abilities—is sufficiently known; nor should we have even thus slightly reminded our readers of this circumstance, had we not seen some attempts to disprove a fact of such unquestionable notoriety—

*“ For free-born Britons, generous as brave,  
Bury resentment in the offender's grave.”*

SIR JOHN RAMSEA.

It is said to have been this nobleman's constant practice to treat his children as men, even in their earliest youth; introducing them into all companies, and encouraging them to deliver their sentiments on all occasions: thus inspiring them with that habitual confidence which, we may venture to assert, has never forsaken, on any single occasion, the celebrated subject of these memoirs. It would interfere with our present pursuit, to discuss the propriety of this early initiation of youth, which of late years has but too generally prevailed; we shall therefore content ourselves with entering

tering a general protest against the practice, and proceed with the subject more particularly before us.

Nor shall we stoop to retail the many ridiculous situations, and awkward embarrassments, which Mr Fox's father is said to have frequently experienced, from the premature indulgence of his very promising boy: in which we are unable to trace that wonderful sagacity, either of the father or son, which has been so liberally attributed to both; and which we are ourselves quite willing to grant them—the former on other occasions, the latter at more advanced periods of life.

But, that our impartiality may not be arraigned, we will lay before our readers one of the most remarkable of these anecdotes, which will enable them to judge for themselves, and on which we shall therefore make no comment.

When the father was Secretary of State, in the midst of the war, having one night an extraordinary number of important expresses to dispatch, he took them home from his office, that he might the more attentively examine their contents before he sent them away. His son Charles, who was at this time not more than nine years of age, coming into the study, to which he always had free access, took up one of the packets, which his father, having just examined, had laid ready for sealing; and, after perusing it with much seeming attention, expressed his disapprobation of the contents, and at the same instant thrust the paper into the fire. Far from being ruffled on this occasion, or attempting to reprimand his son, his lordship immediately turned to look for the office-copy, and with the utmost composure made out another transcript.

Mr Fox was educated at Eton; where, though he did not prosecute his studies with any great perseverance, he is said to have been remarkable for performing his exercises in a very superior style, and to have distinguished himself by an uncommon share of acute discernment, vivacity, and humour.

A reverend friend of the writer of these memoirs, remembers to have seen Mr Fox at the German Spa, in August 1763, with his father Lord Holland, who was said to allow him five guineas a-night for the Pharoah bank, though he was then only fourteen years of age. The same gentleman recollects, that he was one morning in company with Lord Holland, at a fountain about three miles distant from Spa, when his son Charles arrived to breakfast, equipped as a running footman. Though these seem trifling circumstances, their unquestionable authenticity will sufficiently apologise for their insertion, as they certainly afford striking traits of both these remarkable characters, which the reader cannot fail to apply.

At Oxford, to which place he removed from Eton, he is said to have been esteemed equally brilliant and promising; though his vacations were constantly spent in the metropolis, with the usual dissipations of unrestrained youth.

On leaving the university, he obtained permission to travel; and the continental vivacity proved so congenial with his own natural disposition, that he protracted his stay to a very uncommon length. Indeed, he quitted not these regions of gaiety and dissipation, without several mandates from parental authority; nor did he at length comply, till a bill from Naples, for 16,000*l.* had been satisfied by his indulgent father.

In this tour he made the customary acquirements, the chief of which may be comprised under the articles of gaming, luxury, and dress: and a variety of personal decorations, some years back of high repute in the beau-monde, owed their origin to Mr Fox's fertile genius: who, among other fashions which he had the honour to introduce, revived that of red-heeled shoes, laid aside at the beginning of the present century, by appearing in them on a birth-night.

Mr Fox had very early the place of paymaster of pensions to the widows of land-officers, and is said to have

have been introduced into parliament sooner than he was by age qualified to be a member of that honourable assembly: the influence of his father, however, stifled every disagreeable inquiry; he was returned for Midhurst, at the general election in 1768; and began his political career with considerable eclat, in a speech of extraordinary merit for his years.

But though his friends had flattered themselves, that the propensity of this gentleman to dress, gaming, and other fashionable-excesses, would by degrees have subsided on his becoming a public character, they were egregiously disappointed in their expectations; for, notwithstanding his conduct in the senate was respectable, he not unfrequently left the ball or masquerade, and still oftener the gaming-table, to attend his duty in the House of Commons, without the smallest intervention of sleep.

In March 1770, Mr Fox was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty; and it was again hoped that the additional employ necessarily required for the discharge of this office, would have detached him from pursuits of so pernicious a tendency. But his business in Pall-Mall and St James's Street had too many charms to be abandoned for the dull entertainment of preparing admiralty-dispatches; many of which are said to have been signed at White's, Frere's, and Almack's, with the pen in one hand, and the cards or dice-box in the other.

This disposition for play was by no means cultivated without those circumstances of ill fortune which generally attend young adventurers, in a country where gaming is considered as a science, and has its regular professors, who *must* win, or starve. To these gentlemen, and perhaps to the ladies in the neighbourhood of these fashionable haunts, he certainly was so considerably the dupe, that his official appointments, added to the liberal allowance of a too indulgent father, by no means kept pace with his pecuniary exigencies: the sages of St Mary Axe were consulted; temporary  
O supplies

supplies were raised, by grants of annuities and reversions; and from Duke's Place, in the East, the means for some time obtained, of again visiting King's Place, and its vicinity, in the West. Such a constant intercourse was, indeed, for some years kept up with these *wise men of the east*, that he is said to have humorously distinguished a back parlour in the house, famous for being the scene of these negotiations, by the application of the *Jerusalem Chamber*.

In February 1772, Mr Fox quitted his place at the Admiralty Board; but in the December following he again came into office, being appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, which situation he continued to enjoy till his dismissal in 1774.

Hitherto he had constantly, and in general warmly, espoused the cause of government against all opposition; and, in March 1772, he was so exceedingly unpopular, that we find him complaining to the House of the rough treatment which he experienced from the mob, who had insulted and assaulted him on the 18th of that month, breaking the glasses of his chariot, and pelting him with oranges and stones. Yet we think we can trace, on several occasions, something like a dissatisfaction, from the time of his leaving the Admiralty in the beginning of 1772; though it might possibly be considerably abated for a short space after his appointment to the Treasury. The first time, however, that his name appeared at once in the minority, and against the minister, was on the celebrated bill for shutting up the port of Boston, March 25. 1774.

This year was, indeed, pregnant with remarkable events to Mr Fox. In February 1774, he was discarded from the Treasury; his father died in July; his mother in August; and his elder brother, Stephen Lord Holland, on the 26th of November. To which may be added, that at the general election, in the same year, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Poole; though he was afterwards chosen for Malmsbury, in Wilts, with William Strahan, Esq. late printer to his Majesty.

In



In November 1779, Mr Fox's talent for invective drew on him the resentment of William Adam, Esq. of Woodstone, member for Stranraer, Wigton, Whitehorn, and New Galloway, in Scotland; by whom he was challenged to the field, and slightly wounded, on the 29th of that month, in Hyde Park.

At the general election in 1780, having previously established what he called a *constitutional association* of the electors, he was returned member for Westminster, with Admiral Rodney; and, in April 1782, came in as Secretary of State, on the remarkable ministerial revolution which took place at that period.

In this office, however, he continued but a few months. His patron, the Marquis of Rockingham, died the 1st of July following; and, on the appointment of Earl Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, to succeed him as First Lord of the Treasury, Mr Fox retired in disgust. By the memorable coalition with Lord North, who had long been the object of his bitterest invectives, not only as a minister, but as a man, and whom he had very illiberally and unjustly charged with being "an unfit companion for a gentleman," Mr Fox again struggled into power; and obtained the office of Secretary of State, with not the most cordial acquiescence, as it is said, of a very great personage. From the eminence thus singularly attained, he was, however, speedily and suddenly precipitated, in consequence of his famous India Bill; which was judged to be pregnant with the most pernicious effects, not only to the East India Company, but to the nation at large, and favourable only to the augmentation of that excess of patronage and power, against which, in other hands, he has so generally and so vehemently exclaimed. The superiority of Mr Pitt's address, on this occasion, obtained for that gentleman the envied situation, which he has ever since preserved; and, as a natural consequence, his administration has had to encounter the

severest scrutiny of Mr Fox's great talents, on every momentuous occasion.

The unhappy malady of our beloved Sovereign, which gave birth to the regency-discussion, afforded Mr Fox a temporary gleam of hope : but his political prospects were doomed to be clouded, at the very instant when the sun of gladness, arising "with healing on its wings," illuminated the views of a desponding nation, and carried its benign influence into every virtuous bosom. From this period, it is the opinion of many, notwithstanding the frequency of contrary reports, that there has been little inclination to admit Mr Fox into any participation of power. He has, however, been continued member for the city of Westminster; and the deranged state of his finances are generously and munificently repaired, as well as a future support secured, by the voluntary contributions of the party to which he has so long adhered, and with one branch of which he still continues the idol.

The feeling he betrayed, on the secession of Mr Burke, and which produced tears that he was unable to conceal from the House, though frequently the theme of vulgar sarcasm, we have never considered as disgracing the cheeks of this wonderful man. We are not in the number of those, who can view with apathy the lacerations of a long and sincere friendship. Our only regret is, that he did not follow his friend's laudable example.

Nor can we by any means agree with those inconsiderate and malevolent persons who load with obloquy this truly great man, on account of the contributions voluntarily presented by those who approve of his political conduct, and consider it as the just reward of his public services. Such being their opinion, it is doubly honourable : it honours those who give, and him to whom it is given. What is it, in fact, but the pension of his party, a benevolence from opposition, instead of administration ? It is only when persons, without

without either talents or integrity, obtain the due of merit, that pensions convey any disgrace to the receivers.

The honour which Mr Fox has received from the Empress of Russia, whose admiration of his abilities led her to request that his bust might be sculptured in marble, which she has deposited with the first orators of antiquity, must not be forgotten; nor should we have been sorry if her Imperial Majesty had increased the pension of his other admirers.

The task of discriminating Mr Fox's political character is certainly difficult. In 1771, we hear him assert in the House, that "though a great deal is said about the people, and the cries of the people, he knows not where or how to find these complaints; as far as his inquiries lead him, (he adds), these complaints do not exist; for, while the majority of the House of Commons continues to think otherwise—who are certainly the people, by being their legal representatives—he will continue to be of the same opinion:" and, in 1779, we find him at the head of an association, disclaiming the supreme authority of parliament; and, under the curious appellation of the MAN OF THE PEOPLE, forming democratical arrangements, for the evident purpose of overawing this branch, at least, of the constitution. From this period, too, we see him constantly assailing Lord North; and, in 1783, forming a coalition with the very man whom he had so repeatedly insisted was unworthy of every confidence. But we will not pursue the invidious recital of such barefaced and contradictory transactions and asseverations, as nothing but the weakest credulity could possibly be duped with: there are, we believe, few zealous partizans whose views are not precisely the same; and though we think him entitled to his full share of censure, we would not willingly load him with more.

Poverty and ambition united, however the former may have been produced, or whatever claim the possessor may have to the latter, will ever make violent

struggles to shake off the one, and to gratify, as much as possible, the other: nor will pride, which is in some cases a very different word from ambition, at all times maintain its proper station on such occasions; for, though it may latently reside in the same breast, pinched into compliance by the dread of penury, and soothed by the syren expectation, it will not unfrequently remain inactive, and suffer the tongue to speak, or the hand to act, what the heart never approved.

Mr Fox unquestionably possesses great ability.— Formed to be a statesman by education, as well as richly gifted by nature, his eloquence is dignified and impressive, and always commands attention and respect. No person can have a better general knowledge of the politics of Europe; and his skill in legislation, his familiarity with the constitution, and universal jurisprudence, render him a formidable opponent of administration, while they qualify him to be an able coadjutor. We must, however, be free to say, for more reasons than one, that we cannot think this gentleman a proper person to be absolutely at the head of affairs, though he undoubtedly applied himself closely to business during his last appointments.

We shall conclude our account of Mr Fox, with an extract from his own Verses to Mrs Crewe, thus presenting him to our readers as a votary of the Muses, and at the same time furnishing a slight sketch of the chief characteristics of the subject of these memoirs, by one who best knows the true state of his heart.—

*“ My wishes, which never were bounded before,  
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more,  
Is it reason? No, that my whole life will belie;  
For who so at variance as reason and I?  
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,  
Nor allows any softer sensation apart?  
O no! for in this all the world must agree,  
One folly was never sufficient for me.*

*Is my mind on distress too intensely employed?  
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloyed?  
 For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain  
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.  
 That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,  
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,  
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,  
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife:  
 But, tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,  
 I am still but too ready to feel them again."*

Mr Fox is somewhat above the middle stature, and of a remarkable saturnine complexion, but he is by no means ill-featured. Notwithstanding his acknowledged irregularities, his health seems at present but little impaired; and, though we have never heard that he has any particular aversion to wedlock, his long attachment to Mrs Armistead seems to have kept him unmarried. In the neighbourhood of his favourite retirement at St Anne's Hill, there are not wanting anecdotes of a generous, humane, and benevolent disposition, which demonstrate, that, with all his imperfections, he is adorned by a feeling and compassionate heart.

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### FIRST LOVE:

*A Comedy, performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.*

*By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.*

**T**HIS comedy is written with the ease, the flow, and the vivacity which characterise the successful productions of Mr Cumberland. It is an affecting and delightful little novel, very happily dramatised. By this we mean that it pleases more by the choice of a story, and the charming manner of telling it, than by flashes of wit, strength of satire, or choice, contrast, and developement of character. Not that it is without



out character, or that the characters are not marked, and kept distinct from each other: but they are sketches; without one finished picture; and this part of the task, which we consider as the most difficult and the highest in the dramatic art, has evidently been but a secondary consideration with the author. Were he to direct his efforts to this end, and exert his whole force, his *Belcour* is a recorded proof of his ability, and of his certainty of being successful. To this we wish to rouse him; and we own that we are sorry to see him compose with so pleasing, so spirited, but, we must add, so careless, a facility. He writes with too much of the *sans souci* of a gentleman, and too little like a severe disciple of Horace. We have been much pleased with the *Comedy of First Love*, and so have multitudes besides: but we know that its author is capable of exciting higher emotion, and more exquisite pleasure. Great faculties lying dormant, or but half employed, are debtors to the human race; and we, sturdy creditors, call loudly on them for our due.

There is one peculiarity which strongly marks all Mr Cumberland's writings; his heroines are, without exception, if our recollection do not fail us, the most loving-ladies that we have ever seen, either in the regions of romance, or in the ordinary sphere of real life. They are so very kind, and coming, that they never excite in us the least alarm. As soon as they have selected their favourite, they are, one and all, ready to leap into his arms; and the only obstacle is the male coquetry of the sentimental lover; who uniformly refuses, like an ungrateful wretch as he is, to open his arms to receive them. Whether this female alacrity, and masculine modesty, would be more or less moral than our present system, is a question which we cannot stay to examine: but, as far as our acquaintance with the scenes of the parlour, the kitchen, or the bed-room extends, it is in general the very reverse of the practice. That he should have cited an exception,

now

now and then, would have been well; for exceptions afford variety: but it is somewhat strange to make the exception the rule.

Is it the curse of critics that they must be carping? or is it the blessing of literature that the mistakes of her most favourite sons should be made known?

We quote the following scene, as one of the most interesting in the comedy, and as a full proof to our readers that our good opinion of it is well founded.

‘(Lady RUBY, meeting DAVID).

‘Lady RUBY. Out upon you; false loon! What can you say for yourself, for not having been near me these three long days?

‘David. Lord love you, my dear Lady, I have been brushing up and down this great town about my ship-affairs, here and there, and every where—and now you know brother Frederick is come home.

‘Lady R. Oh! you sea-creature, was you half as much of a lover as you are of a hero, you wou’d understand that no excuse will serve for neglecting a fond woman.

‘David. Always a dab, for poor David—but when I am at sea again, and sailing in the Venus, I shall never cast a look upon the figure at the head without thinking of your Ladyship.

‘Lady R. That’s very fine, David—but come, be sincere, is’nt it the bon-mot of the ship? Can you lay your hand on your heart, and declare you never said that to any body before?

‘David. Never, never; though I don’t deny but others have, for I heard Joe Jackson, our gunner, say it to his wife as she went over the side at parting.—And now to my business: I have a small matter of property belonging to Mademoiselle Rosny, which I would fain deliver into her own hands.

‘Lady R. From your brother, we’ll suppose.

‘David. I rather suppose not—Here it is; not very like Frederick—is it, madam?

Lady

' *Lady R.* Lord Sensitive to the very life. Where did you pick up this?

' *David.* Billy Buffler delivered it to me, open as you see; they found it in her toilette after she had left the house.

' *Lady R.* Have you shewn it to your brother?

' *David.* I hardly thought that necessary, as the inscription on the back shews the lady to be already provided with a husband.

' *Lady R.* Yes, yes, I see it.—Alas! poor Sabina! this confirms her own sad story, and his lordship's guilt.

' *David.* Does it not do something more than that, if the lady has been carrying on designs upon my brother?

' *Lady R.* There you do her wrong.—Who waits?—*(Enter Servant).*—Tell Mademoiselle Rosny\* I desire to speak with her.—*(Exit Servant).*—She has no designs upon your brother, but in the most decided manner has declined his honourable offers. If she has withheld the secret from him hitherto, it is simply because she would not involve him with Lord Sensitive.—Oh! here she comes:—

' *(SABINA ROSNY enters).*

My dear, this young officer is your friend Mr Mowbray's brother—I don't know if you have met before.

' *Sabina.* I do not remember to have had that honour.

' *Lady R.* He has something in charge to return to you, from the good people in whose house he procured you a reception.—Do you recollect having left any small article of your property behind you?

' *Sabina.* A picture—I have been searching for it every where.

' *David.* I am happy to restore it to you, and wish I could at the same time restore the original to a sense of

\* *A French refugee.*

his honour, for I feel it as a disgrace to myself to own him for my countryman.

' *Sabina*. It is so, your brother wou'd have said, if he had seen it; which I hope he has not.

' *David*. No, no, madam; man to man is a fair match; there is no need of two masters to teach one worthless individual his duty.—My sword is at your service.

' *Sabina*. Heaven forbid I should employ your sword, when your country has such need of it! In defending that you defend me, and thousands like me, who find refuge in its generous protection.

' (*A Servant enters, and whispers Mr DAVID.*)

' *David*. Very well! I'll come to him.

' *Lady R*. What does he tell you?

' *David*. My brother is below.

' *Lady R*. My dear Sabina, do your spirits serve you for an interview with Mr Mowbray?

' *Sabina*. Aid me, my good lady, and I will do my possible.

' *Lady R*. Say to Mr Mowbray, we request the favour of his company. (*Exit Servant*).—Now, my brave lad, recollect we are not to aggravate your brother's mind against Lord Sensitive, for whom I take upon myself to answer; and you, Sabina, whose gentle bosom has long laboured with a painful secret, be assur'd one short and final effort will conclude your sufferings, and restore you to your peace.

' (*FREDERICK MOWBRAY enters*).

' *Lady R*. Mr Mowbray, we rejoice to see you.

' *Fred*. I have obey'd your ladyship's commands.

' *Lady R*. You would greatly have disappointed our wishes if you had not. You see I have your amiable fellow-traveller in safe keeping; how I have fulfilled my trust, and whether I deserve a further continuation of it, you have a right to know, and she will take occasion of informing you.

' *Fred.*

'*Fred.* I cannot doubt your kindness, nor her proper sense of it.

'*David.* Lord! brother! how you stand!—Oh! that I might but speak!

'*Fred.* Sabina, I am prepar'd to expect some discovery from you, that I am interested to be informed of: I rely upon your candour for the fullest satisfaction, but if you wou'd consult my feelings, you will ask permission of Lady Ruby that we may retire.

'*Sabina.* As it shall be your will, so am I—But if my lady, who knows my sad history, and how I am embarrass to relate it, wou'd have pity for my confusion—

'*Fred.* Oh! Sabina, Sabina! you know not what you ask, nor see the ruin you invite upon yourself and me. If you would wish to preserve my senses, patiently to hear, and honourably to decide, take me from hence without a moment's loss.

'*Sabina.* Come then with me; your happiness, my best of friends, is as my own.

'*Lady R.* Stop, if you please—this room is yours—David and I have something to discuss elsewhere.

'*David.* I wish you'd let me say it here—A little plain sailing would bring us all to the point.

'*Fred.* Are you offended with me, loveliest of women?

'*Lady R.* Not much, not quite past reconciliation—a little, it may be, a very little angry—but if you are dispos'd to make peace, here is my hand!

'*Fred.* Oh! heavens! my soul sinks in it.—Where, where are you, Sabina? [*Exeunt Lady Ruby and David.*]

'*Sabina.* You are alarm'd for me, my dear dear friend, without a cause. It is my wish, my prayer, my supplication to Heaven for you, that you may be blest and happy all your long life with that charming lady.

'*Fred.* Sabina, what have you a-mind to make of me? a villain, a betrayer of my word and faith! or a distracted husband without heart or head?

'*Sabina.*



*Sabina.* Husband! that cannot be. I tell you now in verity, as I did tell you before, you cannot be my husband, because—because—Ah me! ah me! How shall I speak it? I am much ashamed—

*Fred.* Speak, I beseech you!

*Sabina.* Because—I am already married.

*Fred.* Married! it cannot be!—Married!—Beware, Sabina; solemnly I adjure you to reflect, that my unalterable purpose cannot be dispens'd with. If, because you see me combating a passion that was once my master, you suppose me conquer'd, you mistake: my faith, my honour, my confirmed experience of your virtues, never can be shaken, be the trial ever so severe.

*Sabina.* I pray you pardon my poor mode of speaking, but I do feel your goodness at my heart—indeed, indeed I do; and be not angry with me, my good friend, for that I did not tell you this before, but is true no less.—I am a wife—I will not say a happy one, for it was not for me to find a heart like yours; but I will hope the best, for I have not merited to be forsaken.

*Fred.* Is there a monster living that would forsake you?

*Sabina.* Oh! yes, for I am poor—My family, my fortune perished—yet I should not expect a noble Englishman would make my poverty my crime, when there was nothing else that he cou'd urge against me.

*Fred.* Sabina, I must now believe that you are serious; my part therefore must change with your condition: but, though some obligations are dissolv'd, others are left in force, which honour cannot acquit me of—therefore, before I ask the name of your betrayer, be he who he may, I solemnly devote myself to your redress.

*Sabina.* Ah! that is why I tremble to disclose his name. Oh! my dear friend, I pray you to excuse me this one day. My Lady Ruby flatters me with hopes all shall be well.

‘ *Fred.* I must insist upon his name.

‘ *Sabina.* No, no, you will not make me more unhappy than I am; you will not sure refuse my intercession, if I do pray you on my knees.

‘ *Fred.* Hold, hold, sweet supplicant, be not so humble! I will not wound your tender sensibility for all the earth: Compose yourself.

‘ *Sabina.* Oh! when you are so good to me, how can I stop my tears?

*Fred.* What can I say? what shall I do to comfort you?

‘ *Sabina.* I wish, I wish, my lady was but here.

‘ *Fred.* Behold! she comes upon your wish.

‘ (*Lady RUBY enters*).

‘ *Lady R.* My dear, what ails you?

‘ *Sabina.* Oh! he is so generous and so kind to poor Sabina, that my heart is fit to break: I do think he is the best man living, and I do know he loves you, my sweet lady—Heaven! how he does love you!—Will you, then, be very angry with me, if I shall be so bold to say, you are the only lady upon earth that does deserve him.

‘ *Lady R.* Oh! you seducing creature, that is not his opinion; for there is only this distinction between your fate and mine, that Frederick ran from me before marriage, Lord Sensitive from you after it.

‘ *Fred.* Lord Sensitive! I’m thunderstruck.

‘ *Sabina.* Ah! what have you said?

‘ *Lady R.* Was it a secret?

‘ *Fred.* So help me Heaven, I cannot name the man whose honour I wou’d so implicitly have vouch’d for as Lord Sensitive.

‘ *Lady R.* And he’ll redeem his honour, be assur’d.

‘ *Fred.* Yes, or his life must answer it.—I know him well, brave, generous, quick to feel and to resent each breath that glances at his fame—Either there is some error in his brain, or else some villainous traducer has imposed on his credulity—I’ll probe him to the heart.

*Lady*

\* *Lady R.* Ah, Frederick! there are certain cases of the heart, which women are supposed to treat better than men---Leave this to me, if he does not receive his cure from under my hands, I'll then consent to turn him over as a desperate case to you. [*Lord knocking*]. That must be Lord Sensitive.

\* *Sabina.* Ah misericorde! what will now come of me!

\* *Lady R.* Away, away! take away your fair protegee off the field, and leave it clear for me. On your allegiance, Frederick, stir not from your post till I relieve you. [*Exeunt FREDERICK and SABINA*]. Now, conscience, take our part! 'tis your own cause, support it.

\*(*LORD SENSITIVE enters*).

\* *Lord S.* Lady Ruby, I have remembered my promise: and as I know your late impressive words were pointed at my heart, I beg leave to assure you they have reach'd it. When I say I am your convert, need I add that I am prepar'd to make atonement to Sabina Rosny?

\* *Lady R.* I congratulate your lordship on that resolution, and am persuaded you can only find your happiness where you have left your honour.

\* *Lord S.* I'll not attempt to varnish my misdeeds. I acknowledge that Sabina Rosny has every requisite of merit, birth, and beauty, to engage and fix my heart. When I left her on a sudden call to England, I was not guilty of a purpose to desert her; my promise of a speedy return was sincerely given---but in the interim---what shall I say? Your candour must supply the rest.

\* *Lady R.* We'll talk not of the past: Sabina's candour, and your lordship's better thoughts, as soon as you shall meet, will bury all offences in oblivion.

\* *Lord S.* You predict flatteringly, but I have many anxious hours to pass before that meeting.

\* *Lady R.* 'Tis a long distance between this and Padua; but if your resolution is made up;---

' *Lord S.* Unalterably---I shall set out within this hour.

' *Lady R.* Wait a few moments, then; and though I cannot promise you a wind, as witches did of old, I'll do my best to give you a quick passage. Sit down; your sylph shall be at your elbow before you can well draw a sigh. [Exit.

' *Lord S.* What can she mean? what project has her active fancy sprung, to back this bold profession?---Hark! I hear her. Well, fair sylph, I keep my post, and wait your promised favour. Hah! what now? Sabina! Heaven uphold me; from what cloud have you dropt down on earth?

(*SABINA enters*).

' *Sabina.* My lord! my husband!

' *Lord S.* Come to my arms! Oh unexpected joy! Now we will part no more.

' *Sabina.* Indeed! will you not forsake your poor Sabina any more? Ah! what sad moments I have pass'd, counting the hours for your return, day after day, but all in vain. No lord, no letter, no hope left at last, no country to receive me, no parents, brothers, friends, to fly to; miserable me! I did believe I was renounc'd of Providence, and destin'd to despair.

' *Lord S.* Oh my much-injur'd, my acknowledg'd wife!

' *Sabina.* That has sweet sound with it: my heart is comforted.

' *Lord S.* My life shall be devoted to atonement. Trust me, my sweet Sabina, 'tis not my nature to be base or cruel; once restor'd to your forgiveness (and methinks your eyes promise me that), I will offend no more.

' *Sabina.* I know not how to call it an offence, for what am I? My fortune nothing, my nobility a shadow; a heart to honour you is all that I can boast. How, then, can I be angry, if, when return'd to your own happy country, where so many fairer ladies court your  
attention,

attention, you forgot poor, humble, lost Sabina? But of this no more; I have a friend, an honourable, noble friend, to whom I owe this happy meeting; I must take you to him; give me your hand.

*Lord S.* My heart and hand. Thus led by virtue, and restor'd to reason, I am a man again. [*Exeunt.*]

The playful sensibility of the characters least interested, the suspense and agitation of the other persons, and the whole dramatic effect of the scene, could only have been conceived and executed by a man well acquainted with the art. We do not think it stepping out of our way to add, that we have seen the play represented; that it is highly in favour with the town; and that the excellence of the performers gives a fine effect to the ideas and design of the author.

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## YOUTHFUL IMPRUDENCE.

BY MISS ST LEGER.

*"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."*—POPE.

SERENA Granville, with a figure lovely as if formed by the fingers of Love, possessed a mind fraught with every accomplishment, of the most refined and delicate taste. To these beauties, she added the fascinating charms of a faultless temper, and a height of spirits, sometimes arising almost to an excess. Whenever she moved, she attracted and fixed the wandering eyes of the beholders; whenever she spoke, she enchanted the senses, and won the hearts of her hearers. Among the train of her numerous admirers, none shone so greatly pre-eminent, for the graces of his figure, and the beauties of his mind, as the youthful Frederick Cavendish. The soul of Serena was above affectation. She despised the cruel despotism of tyrannizing over a generous heart; and she hesitated not to confess the



power which he possessed in her bosom. For family reasons, two months were to elapse before the day could be appointed for their union. During the intermediate time, a party was formed for the theatre: Cavendish held a commission in the guards; and, some unexpected military business occurring, it prevented him from attending his fair *Amante* to Drury Lane. But Lady Granville wished not to be disappointed; and therefore, with her daughter, and niece Julia Cecil, she went alone. During the play, Miss Cecil observed an elegant young man, in naval uniform, enter the next box: she pointed him out to Serena, whose eyes encountered his as she gazed on his lovely countenance. The accident embarrassed her, and she hastily looked down. At the *finale* of the after-piece, a gentleman entered their box; who, suddenly springing from his seat, and fletching over, shook the young officer cordially by the hand, exclaiming—"Ha, Richard Wade! what brought you here? Where are you?"—"At St James's Hotel, where I hope you will sup with me." His friend consented, and they both sprung out of the box. "A young puppy!" exclaimed Serena, "not to give us one parting glance!"—"Never mind," interrupted her cousin; "they are not worth wishing for."

When the two girls arrived at home, and had entered their own chamber, from a critique on the merits of the actors, their discourse fell, insensibly, on the charms of the graceful sailor. They admired his uncommon beauty; and laughed at each other, for the little notice which he appeared to have taken of either. "I would venture my life," cried Serena, "that he is a conceited fellow; a creature who can admire none but himself. I have a strong inclination to play him a trick."—"How do you mean? You do not know him."—"That is of no consequence. I will write to him, that I am violently in love with him, &c. &c. subscribe a false name; and desire him to direct to the Salopian Coffeehouse, where my servant shall call for his reply."

—"Good

—"Good heavens, Serena! what an instantaneous arrangement! You are surely not serious?"—"Yes, serious as when I shall give my hand to Frederick, and vow to be his for ever. I will write the letter this moment." She seized a pen, and immediately began to scribble. Julia was thunderstruck. "What is your intention? The young man will certainly answer your letter."—"That is what I want. I will reply again; and so on, till I have worked him up almost to madness with curiosity! and then, I throw away my quill, and leave him, like an amazed knight, dropped by the fairies in a wilderness. Discovery is impossible."

When she had finished her epistle, she read it to her friend. It contained an eloquent avowal of a fervent attachment, which she could no longer conceal; that her heart, hand, and fortune, waited his acceptance; and that she should anticipate, with trembling anxiety, his reply, addressed to Miss Lucretia Manners, to be left at the Salopian Coffeehouse. In vain were all the remonstrances of Miss Cecil against the imprudence and danger of this scheme. Her cousin persisted in her design; declaring, that it was only a frolic; and there could no evil consequences ensue, as he could never find them out; and they would surely not be such fools as to betray their own secret. Accordingly, the next morning, she sent off her *billet-doux*, directed to Richard Wade, Esq. St James's Hotel.

The following day, at noon, she ordered her servant to call at the Salopian, and inquire for a letter, addressed as she had desired. The two girls, from different motives, were equally anxious for the return of the footman. At last he entered, and gave into the impatient hands of his young lady the wished-for scroll. When he left the room, she tore open the seal, and perused, with a greedy eye; then read, with a voice almost suffocated with laughter, a long string of rhapsodies. He commenced with an inundation of praises of the generosity of her disposition, that could so nobly

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burst through the disgraceful shackles bound round her sex, by the united efforts of all mankind, to render him happy by the confession of a passion so flattering to his warmest wishes. He concluded by saying, that if the beauty of her person but half equalled the charms of the mind which dictated her letter, he should for ever esteem it the most blissful moment of his life that presented him to her view. He ended by requesting an immediate interview. Serena was mad with joy at the success of her plot; and instantly sat down to scribble an answer. Julia again urged her to desist; but all to no purpose: she would plague him yet a little longer. In this imprudent conduct she continued for near a fortnight, writing and receiving letters every day; and, in almost every one of them, inventing new excuses for denying a personal conversation. Richard Wade's impatience, in each succeeding epistle, increased so much, that she could hardly find reasons for her refusals, which could appear of any consequence, as in his replies she had arguments to combat, and conquer them all. Miss Cecil grew more alarmed; and begged her, for Heaven's sake, to give it up; for she dreaded the most disagreeable effects, should it be discovered: but Serena was obstinate, declared that it was impossible, and continued the correspondence.

One morning, when Miss Granville sat alone in the drawing-room, waiting the return of her servant from the Salopian, she insensibly fell into a reverie; and, leaning her blooming cheek on her white arm, which rested on the sofa, her thoughts wandered from the anticipation of that day which was soon to give her to her dear Frederick, to the elegant sailor, and his disappointment, when she should drop answering his letters. At this moment, the gentle Cavendish entered; he had stolen the first instant from military duty, to spend a few blissful minutes in the society of his adored Serena. He approached her unperceived; and, tenderly taking her hand, in a voice, sweet as the softest sigh of love,

ove, demanded what was the subject of her reflections. She started at the sound of his loved accents, and blushed at the question. The idea that any other man than himself should for one instant possess her thoughts, struck a chill to her heart: the vivid glow of shame, which diffused itself over her cheek, flashed a ray of truth on her understanding; and her soul acknowledged, with gratitude and self-reproach, the reflected remonstrances of her friend. As the heavenly orbs of Frederick were bent on her's with ineffable tenderness, he beheld, with wonder and anguish, the confusion into which his question appeared to have thrown her. "Have I given you pain, my Serena? I was impertinent; but, believe me, I did not intend it. Will you pardon me?" He pressed her hand, to give force to his asseveration. "I have nothing to pardon; you did not hurt me: I was only ashamed to speak the truth; for I was really thinking of nothing." She blushed still deeper, as she uttered this falsehood, and cast her eyes down to conceal her embarrassment. The penetrating orbs of Cavendish were fixed on her face: he observed its changes with an unaccountable anguish; and unconsciously dropping her hand, with a deep sigh, rose from his chair, and advanced to the window. At this instant, the door burst open, and a young man rushing in, flung himself at the feet of Miss Granville, exclaiming---"Have I found you, my mysterious love! By Heaven, no earthly power shall tear your lovely form from this faithful bosom!" Suddenly rising, he clasped her to his breast. Cavendish, who stood petrified with astonishment and indignation, now rushed forward; and, seizing Wade by the arm, rudely pulled him from his hold, and demanded who he was. "This lady's lover and protector, Sir," replied he, in a threatening tone. Serena, wild and dumb with terror, threw herself into the arms of Frederick; who, smothering his passion, cried---"You are certainly mad, Sir! This is a woman of virtue, and my betroth-  
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ed wife; I therefore desire you to leave this house instantly." "No, Sir, I shall not, without she accompanies me. I have letters under her own hand, declaring her love for me, and her abhorrence of all other men. She will not deny it; but you, I suppose, are the persecuting coward she complains of." The azure eyes of Cavendish flashed all heaven's lightnings; he cast the frantic Serena from his arm; and rushing forward—"Intruding, insolent villain! your blood shall blot the falsehood." So saying, he drew, and made a furious pass at him with his sword. Wade expected it; and, parrying the thrust, made a lunge at him, and ran him through the side. The unfortunate Frederick fell; while he advanced to Serena, who stood rivetted like a statue of Despair. "Come, my Lucretia! let us fly this place, my life is in danger." "Monster! murderer!" screamed she; and, giving him a violent push from her, threw him to the ground, and flew shrieking out of the room. In his fall, he stumbled over a part of the carpet, and fell on the point of Frederick's sword, as it leaned against the lifeless form of its master. Before he could recover himself, it ran him quite through the thigh; and he dropped, bleeding and faint, beside the body of him he had slain. All the horrors of his situation rushed on his mind. He knew not him he had killed—perhaps an injured man; and he had forfeited his own life for, perhaps, an abandoned woman!

In a few minutes, the room was crowded with people. Julia flew into the apartment; and, seeing the breathless form of Cavendish on the floor, and near him the young sailor bleeding to death, an explanation of the whole affair rushed on her memory. She flung herself between the two bodies; and, tearing off her white drapery, attempted to staunch the wounds of both; while she besought, for God's sake, that some one would fly for a surgeon. Her commands were instantly obeyed. Serena was held in a state of madness at the door, by her mother and two servants, begging

that



that she might be suffered to go in, and die on the bosom of her Frederick. The surgeon arriving, ordered her to her chamber---to which she was hurried, raving of her folly and misery---and immediately proceeded to the assistance of the two unfortunate officers. Mr Wade was yet sensible; the bandages of Miss Cecil had stopped the effusion of blood: but poor Cavendish lay without motion or sensation. As the surgeon advanced to the side of the young sailor, he by a strong exertion repulsed him, and begged that he would first examine the wound of his antagonist, which he hoped was not mortal. Mr A—— obeyed his desires; and, ordering the servants to lay Mr Cavendish on the sofa, commanded every one, but his own assistants, to quit the room. When the surgeon had examined and dressed the wounds of the young men, he saw them carefully put to bed, and ordered them to be kept in profound quiet. As he was going down stairs, Lady Granville, in a state of distraction, sent for him into her *boudoir*, and intreated him to tell her if there were any hopes for Mr Cavendish. Mr A—— said he would not flatter her: his wound was not mortal; but his loss of blood had been so great, that the most fatal consequences might be expected. “But the other gentleman, (continued he), if he is kept free from a fever, will certainly recover.” “The other gentleman, (replied she), I know nothing about. Indeed, I am ignorant of the whole affair. My daughter flew into my chamber, screaming---“He is killed! Cavendish is killed!” and this is all I know of the terrible scene, as she has ever since been in a state of delirium. At these words, the physician, who had been sent for to Serena, while Mr A—— was with her lover, entered the room, and told Lady Granville that her daughter was in a high fever, and must be kept composed, else he could not answer for her life.

In this state of distress and anxiety things continue for three days. Miss Cecil, who knew well the thought-  
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less transaction of her cousin, imagined too truly the cause of this fatal catastrophe; and, while all the parties yet lived, she earnestly sought an opportunity of explaining so sad a mystery. She tenderly loved her friend; she mourned the wild vivacity of disposition that had seduced her into so imprudent an action; and her heart was wrung with agony for her present, and if she lived future sufferings. The insinuating gentleness of Frederick Cavendish had made too deep an impression on her esteem, not to draw down the bitter tears from her eyes, when she contemplated his unhappy fate. But the beautiful, the deceived Wade! when his lovely idea shot across her distracted fancy, her whole soul was torn with torture: the thought of his dying, of his recovering, and of that recovery's disgraceful, horrid consequences, almost bereft her of her reason; and, impelled by the anguish of the moment, she flew to the entrance of his apartment, with what design she knew not. As she gently opened the door, she found that he was in a profound slumber; and, commanding the nurse to go and lay down for a few hours, promised to watch by her charge till her return. She remained near half an hour in the room; when Richard awaking from his sleep, and heaving a deep sigh, stretched forth his arm and drew aside the curtain. When his dark eyes met those of Miss Cecil, he felt an unusual emotion at his breast: an emotion of gratitude, hope, and dread. She arose; and, gently advancing nearer to him, inquired in a trembling voice---which too plainly expressed the interest which she took in his situation---how he found himself. He replied, that he was better than he wished to be; for the feelings of his mind were more than he could endure with fortitude. "If my adversary dies," continued he, "and I survive, even should I escape the punishment of the law, I shall ever be wretched at the recollection of so dreadful an effect of my credulity and rashness." He was proceeding to give Miss Cecil a narrative of the correspondence between

tween him and Miss Granville; first, expressing his anxiety and doubts about the mystery which enveloped the whole affair; when Julia interrupted him, by saying, that she knew it too well, and long ago had warned her cousin of its evil effects. "But," continued she, "had I felt the most distant foreboding of this its fatal conclusion, I would have used commands, instead of entreaties, to have stopped the deception." "Deception! How, Madam, was it a deception? Surely I am a stranger to your friend! What could be her meaning?" "An idle frolic, without design or end, but to entertain herself. She thought to amuse her whimsical moments with an adventure, which certainly was innocent, though imprudent. She conceived, that she could lay it aside whenever she pleased; but, alas! how agonizingly otherwise has been its termination!"—Agonizing, indeed! Most probably, she has rendered both her own heart and mine miserable for life. Horrid as must be my feelings, yet how much more racking must be hers, when she recollects, that it was her conduct that put the sword in my hand, and plunged it into the bosom of her affianced husband! Could she imagine, that any man would receive such letters as those which she wrote to me, and not feel his whole soul fired with curiosity? At least, the impetuosity of my nature spurned at restraint; and my impatience hurried me to the coffeehouse, where I watched till her servant called for my letter: when he returned home, I followed him; and these, these, are the overwhelming consequences!" His strength was exhausted, and he sunk back on his pillow. Julia, conscious that she was hurting the man, for whom—the feelings of her heart too forcibly told her—she felt that in reality which her cousin so fatally feigned, hastily arose; and, entreating him to compose his mind, said she would snatch the first opportunity to impart the truth of the melancholy story to Cavendish; whose principal danger, she believed, rested on the tortured  
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state of his spirit. He caught her hand ; and, fervently pressing it, she darted out of the room, the soft touch of his hand thrilling to her inmost soul. In the evening, she sent up her affectionate compliments to Mr Cavendish ; and, if he would admit her, she would be happy to watch an hour by him alone. He replied, that he wished much to see her. She ascended the stairs, her heart beating with hope and fear of the effects of what she was going to reveal. When she entered his chamber, and drew near his bed, she beheld the late blooming Frederick pale as marble : the effulgent lustre of his azure eyes was almost extinguished ; the last gleams of its fading light seemed resting on the dark horizon of death, as if to take a last view of the world, and sink for ever. He laid his burning hand on hers ; and gazed at her with an expression that needed no explanation ; it penetrated to her heart, and she burst into tears. Recovering herself, she said, " Mr Cavendish, will you—can I hope for your pardon ? I have been, in a great part, the cause of the dismal scene that is now before me." " You, Julia ! How ? For Heaven's sake, explain ; and either dissipate my suspicions, or convince me they are true, and end my tortures by killing me. O ! is Serena unworthy of my love ?" Miss Cecil, with a faltering voice, interrupted by many showers of tears, revealed the whole transaction ; only a little altering the truth, by as much as possible meliorating the folly of her friend, and taking the blame on herself. When she ended, the dejected orbs of Frederick beamed with renovated radiance ; he clasped his hands in an extasy of joy. " O ! my God, I thank thee ! Julia, my kind friend ! fly to my unhappy Serena : tell her that I forgive her ; speak peace to her suffering soul ; and tell her to live for me. To know that my dear girl is innocent, and yet fondly loves me, has infused new life into my dying frame. Fly, my dear Julia, and render your sweet friend as happy as myself !" She rose, her eyes over-

flowing

flowing with tears of rapture ; and, advancing to the door, turned back two or three steps, and faintly breathed, in a trembling voice, " And may I not also tell the unfortunate Wade, that you forgive the rashness which, in endangering your existence, has brought himself to the verge of the grave ? " " Yes, Julia ; tell him every thing that you would wish me to say."

Julia flew to the chamber of Miss Granville : her delirium was subsided ; but it had left on her languid frame a slow fever, and on her mind a deep and settled melancholy. Miss Cecil, with some difficulty, gained her cousin's attention. Notwithstanding her utmost precaution, the unexpected and blissful intelligence rendered her almost frantic with joy. Nothing now was wanting, but the recovery of all parties, to make them perfectly happy. A few weeks gave once more strength to their limbs, and beauty to their features : Health cast her dazzling rays around their forms ; so powerful an effect had the serenity of their minds over the composure of their frames. Frederick Cavendish, and Richard Wade, entered the drawing-room together. Serena, overwhelmed with consciousness, burst into tears, and flung herself on the breast of her cousin. Her lover flew forward ; and, gently raising her from her bosom, encircled his graceful arms around her yielding waist ; and, while his tears mingled with hers, imprinted the hallowed kiss of pardon and affection on her trembling lips.

The sympathising heart of Julia heaved almost to bursting, and the lucid drops of extatic emotion fell on her ivory arms ; when the well-known touch of the soft hand of Richard Wade, roused her from her blissful trance. She raised her swimming eyes, and beheld the man whom she adored kneeling at her feet. His eloquent eyes spoke a thousand tender things ; his tongue could only utter, " Beloved Julia ! " The crimson blush of delight and confusion suffused her face and



panting bosom. She felt sick ; and fell, almost fainting, on the arm of the sofa. "Are you offended?" asked he, in a scarcely articulate voice. "O, no!" was all she could utter, as she gently returned the fervent pressure of his hand.

A week after this happy eclaireissement gave the hand of Serena to Frederick Cavendish ; and that of Julia to the enraptured Richard Wade.

I shall not attempt to point out the moral of this little tale ; it is too obvious to require an explanation. I shall only add, that as imprudence is almost a constant property of youth, it is a frailty of disposition which ought to be most carefully corrected. A little reflection will convince the mind, that from the slightest failures on that side, the greatest and most dreadful consequences have frequently proceeded.

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### INTERESTING HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

*With an elegant Engraving.*

[From HERON'S History of Scotland, Vol. II. Just  
Published. Price 7s. 6d.]

**T**HE cruelties and precautions of the English were every day multiplied ; but instead of repressing, served only to strengthen the resistance of the Scots, and to exasperate their discontent. Those who made open opposition to the oppressors, were secretly favoured and encouraged by the rest of their countrymen, who had not yet dared to assert their freedom, with the same bold valour. From outlaws and mean persons, the spirit of revolt soon ascended to those very nobles, who had been lately the most forward in their submission to Edward.

Yet

*Marion's Edition*



*He put a pistol the lock before him hand,  
 While they to him had done all that they could  
 Book XI. line 1600.*

*Engraved from Original Designs by W. Russell.*

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Yet these discontents, and this opposition, might have passed without producing any useful or permanent effects, had not a hero arisen, to vindicate the liberties of Scotland, whose rank was so mean, and his possessions so small, as to place him below the atmosphere of those intrigues, by which most of the Scottish nobles were seduced to betray their country for the sake of private advantage to themselves; whose fortune, powers, and personal abilities, were therefore overlooked, as too inconsiderable to deserve either to be gained or suppressed, till he had injured the English beyond the hopes of forgiveness; whose gigantic strength, dauntless ferocity of spirit, unmatched dexterity and skill in the exercises of war, the generosity of his nature, and the captivating, yet overawing superiority of his genius, won his countrymen to enlist themselves under his protection and command, and at the same time enabled him to lead them, with victory, through the most desperate enterprises against their enemies; whose soul, a stranger to sordid and selfish cares, burned only with inextinguishable hatred against the English, with a lofty and passionate consciousness of the powers that he bore within himself, with ardour for martial glory, with a love of his country, surviving every variety of fortune, and to expire but with his latest breath.

Such was WILLIAM WALLACE. He appears to have been the son of a small landholder, who possessed the estate of Ellerslee, near Paisley, in the shire of Renfrew. It is probable, that in the progress of his years, he had not greatly exceeded the age of opening manhood, at the time when his country was subdued by the English. Moved by the native boldness and gallantry of his spirit, by the injuries of his family, or perhaps by the unhappy effects of some sudden and accidental rencounters, he soon proved himself the terrible and irreconcilable enemy of those conquerors and oppressors of Scotland. Many of his first deeds of he-

roism, although imperfectly commemorated in the rude and doubtful tale of the minstrel, have, unluckily, been preserved by no records, upon the evidence of which they might be confidently received into the pages of authentic history. But, within less than a year after the late conquest, he had made himself so advantageously known to his countrymen, that he was joined by a number of partizans; among whom was Sir William Douglas, with some others of considerable rank.

In the month of May, in the year one thousand two hundred and ninety-seven, Wallace and his followers made a bold attempt to surprise Ormesby, the English Justiciary, while he held his court at Scone. Ormesby with difficulty escaped, leaving Scone and the neighbouring territory in the power of the Scottish insurgents. Flushed with this success, Wallace now pursued, and harried or cut off the English, wherever they were not secure within fortifications, impregnable to any force or means of assault that he could as yet bring against them. Every daring and fortunate enterprise in which he engaged, brought more illustrious associates to aid his patriot efforts, and new bands of warriors to fight under his banner. From the north-east, he passed towards the western districts of the kingdom; and, as he proceeded, the terror or glory of his name, hatred of the English, or, perhaps, rekindling virtue, added to his adherents, almost every distinguished character among the Scottish nobility; till his force was at length augmented to a numerous army. Even young Bruce, the grandson of the competitor, deceiving the vigilance of the English, fled from among them; renounced with indignation the allegiance he had vowed to Edward; ardently embraced the cause of his country, and drew his sword with Wallace.

The English were awakened by these events, from their dream of final conquest, and secure possession. Their King was now absent on a fruitless expedition



to recover the province of Guienne in France ; which had been lately wrested from him by the crafty policy of the French King. But Warenne, who had been left governor of Scotland, hastily mustered a body of troops, and dispatched them under the command of Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford, to overtake the Scottish insurgents in their progress through the western districts, and to crush their rebellion. When the English came up, the Scottish army was advantageously posted on a hill near the town of Irvine ; the whole strength of the insurrection was there assembled, and they out-numbered the enemy ; Wallace was at their head, or among their principal leaders ; in that courage which consists in fearlessness of personal danger, and in fury against the foe, they were not deficient. But few of them were accoutred with complete defensive armour, or wore any formidable weapons for offence ; they were disorderly, and of tempers too impatient to endure the restraints of discipline ; having assembled spontaneously, they acknowledged no just military subordination ; in the face of an English army, some of the associates of Wallace, again wavered in their choice between patriotism and servitude ; and amidst the general confusion, discord, and irresolution of the Scottish troops, Richard de Lundin, one of their chieftains, openly deserted, with his friends and followers, to the enemy. The example was in part quickly imitated by Bruce, the Stewart, Lindsay, and Douglas ; who, with their adherents, made submission to Edward's officers, and thus obtained their pardon, and were once more reconciled to the English government. For the fidelity of Bruce to this new engagement, sureties were required ; and it was agreed, that he should, as soon as possible, free these, by delivering his daughter Marjory into the hands of the English as an hostage. Without a battle, the strength of the Scottish insurgents was in this manner broken ; and the authority of the English

English irresistibly restored in the western and southern parts of Scotland.

Yet Wallace was still unconquered, unawed, uncorrupted. He had taken no part in those negotiations of his irresolute and fickle associates; and he scornfully refused to accede to their treaty. Abandoned by almost all his late adherents, he now thought only how he might best escape the pursuit, and annoy the authority of the English by his single exertions; and how he might most successfully muster another force to besiege their castles, or meet their armies in the field. He retired through Lennox to the northern provinces of the kingdom, lying beyond the isthmus between the Forth and the Clyde. New followers soon joined him; he was ardently admired as the only faithful defender of the liberties of his country; those by whom he had been forsaken, were execrated as its cowardly betrayers. Even the vassals and dependents of Douglas, and the other barons who had made their peace with Edward's ministers, soon returned to follow Wallace, in contempt of the fealty claimed by their lords. The authors of the treaty, unable to fulfil their engagements, and not finding themselves in safety among their enraged countrymen, surrendered their persons into the hands of the English. Wallace, after executing several less important enterprises, led his increasing forces to besiege the town of Dundee.

Warrenne, Cressingham, and the other English leaders, in the mean time, prepared to pursue Wallace into the North; and advanced with their army towards Stirling. At the news of their approach, Wallace, relinquishing the siege of Dundee, hastened to guard the important pass between the Ochil Hills and the Grampian Mountains; and while the English army came on to cross the Forth by the bridge at Stirling, they suddenly beheld the defenders of Scottish freedom, posted on a rising ground near the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, and ready to oppose their passage. Warrenne

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was willing again to try the same arts of negotiation by which his lieutenants had broken and dispersed the Scottish army at Irvine. But Wallace was not now, as then, surrounded by perfidious and wavering barons, by whom his firm purposes might have been thwarted or controuled. Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, the most eminent among the companions of his present enterprise, was steady and ardent in his patriotism as Wallace, incapable of abandoning his friend and leader, or of betraying the cause of his country. To two friars sent by Warrene to offer fair conditions of peace and mutual reconciliation, the only answer of Wallace and his followers was, "Go, tell your masters we came not here to treat, but to fight, and set Scotland free: Let them *advance*: We bid them defiance." It was peculiarly fortunate, that the Scots, impatient as they were for battle, could, for this once, be persuaded to await the attack of the enemy; without rushing with mad precipitation to begin the combat under local disadvantages. At the entrance of a pass between mountains, on a rising ground, having on their front a river which could not be readily crossed, otherwise than by a narrow wooden bridge, the Scots possessed advantages of posture more than sufficient to compensate their inferiority in numbers, discipline, and martial equipment.

The English commanders, disappointed in their attempts to disperse the Scottish force by negotiation, now hesitated and disagreed in their counsels, not knowing how to draw the Scots into an equal engagement; yet being indignant at their defiance, and impatient to answer it with defeat and slaughter. The English army, if it should attempt to march along the ridge in a single file, in order to attack the Scots in their camp, would thus forfeit the benefit of its superiority in numbers, and would, most probably, perish fore-meal by the fury of the Scots. It would be disgraceful, perhaps, for want of forage and provisions, impossible,

impossible, for the English to remain inactive at Stirling, till Wallace's army should be dissolved by dissension or hunger. Were the English leaders to withdraw their forces from Stirling, and to endeavour to penetrate into the north of Scotland by some different passage, Wallace might then rush into the southern countries, waste and occupy these at his pleasure, and preclude the return of the English, till they should fall an easy prey to their enemies, among the unknown marshes and mountains of the Scottish Highlands. Richard de Lundin, now with the English, and faithful to their interests, proposed to conduct a part of the army up the bank of the river, to a ford by which they might pass in a body, and with little danger. But he was a Scot; and not to be trusted in his own country, and so near to his countrymen. Deliberation proved fruitless. Despising enemies whom they had been for some time accustomed to conquer, and urged on by the ignorant and foolish impetuosity of Cressingham, the English at last determined to file along the bridge, at whatever peril, and to attack the Scots in their camp.

As the English forces, with Cressingham at their head, began to cross the river, Wallace slowly led down his troops, and advanced to meet them. Ere half the English army could pass the bridge, while those who had passed were still on unequal ground, in disorder, crowded together, and unable to use their arms, the Scots rushed upon them, with an onset irregular, but inconceivably impetuous. The confusion of the English, now receding at one end of the bridge, at the other advancing, here struggling to expand themselves into the order of battle; there already turning their backs to the furious foe; exposed them, helplessly, to almost unresisted slaughter. The boasting Cressingham was among the first that fell; and the Scots even wreaked their rage in hacking and mangling his lifeless corpse. Amidst the tumult of the battle,

battle, the wooden bridge was broken down; and the English who had crossed the river, were thus left a prey to the Scots, without the possibility of escape; while Warrene, and that part of his army which remained on the opposite bank, could only behold the carnage with sorrow, terror, and unavailing rage. Their predominant emotions were of terror. They burnt their tents, abandoned their baggage, and hastened back, in disorderly flight, to Berwick.

The Scots achieved this signal victory, without suffering any considerable loss in the battle. But among the few who fell, was the brave Andrew Moray of Bothwell, the most faithful companion of Wallace's heroic enterprises.

The news of the discomfiture and flight of the English army, was soon known throughout Scotland. All who had hitherto borne the English yoke without resistance; or had been but secretly, or partially, the partizans of Scottish freedom, now took arms, and eagerly hastened to join the heroes who had conquered at Stirling; or stormed those castles which were still held for Edward in different parts of the kingdom. Wallace wasted no time in idle triumph, or in vain lamentation for his fallen friends. From Stirling, he impatiently returned to renew the siege of the castle of Dundee. It was surrendered by the garrison as soon as they saw him and his victorious followers again appear before its ramparts,—with weapons still red with the blood of *their* slaughtered countrymen. The other castles and strongholds, were, in a like manner, recovered; and their English garrisons were massacred, made prisoners, or driven away in terrified flight. Scotland was thus once more freed from the tyranny of a foreign master; and the power of its government remained for a time with Wallace and his followers, its deliverers. Wallace, by a sort of irregular assumption or appointment, founded in the exigencies of the time, and in the plausible consent of those who had fought and



and conquered with him, became, in name and in authority, Regent of the kingdom; while he and the whole nation still professed allegiance to the exiled Balliol; and declared, that their contest was not less for his rights than for their own.

But these gallant votaries of what they conceived to be freedom, now saw their country terribly afflicted, and themselves in danger of perishing by a famine, the necessary consequence of the continued devastations of war, in a land naturally so little fertile and so uncultivated. To supply their wants, therefore, out of the spoil of their enemies, and to retaliate the miseries which had been inflicted on themselves, they, with one accord, determined to invade England. Berwick was quickly retaken. And almost all the military force that Scotland could muster, pouring furious and unrelenting into the northern counties of England, did not merely ravage these districts by a hasty and passing incursion; but, like an host of locusts, consumed every thing over the face of the country, which could serve for sustenance to man or beast; nor returned home till they had reduced it to a state of extreme desolation. Wallace, with little success, strove to restrain his followers and fellow-soldiers, from outrages against women, children, and ecclesiastics. His protection was insufficient to save persons or property from the fury and rapacity of his troops, unless where he was himself immediately present. "Only with me," said he to the monks of Hexham, complaining of the rapacious violence of the Scottish army, "only with me, can you be safe." But Edward was pursuing his war in Flanders; and no English army came to meet and drive away the spoilers. After desolating the English territories, as far southward as he could prudently venture to advance, Wallace led his forces back into Scotland, in the exultation of triumph, and with abundance of booty.

In the mean time, Edward returned from Flanders

weary

weary of an expedition, of the objects of which he had been disappointed; and called home by the cries of his English subjects, to protect them against the inroads of the Scots. He in vain summoned the Scottish barons to attend a parliament, which he appointed to be held in the city of York. Even his English barons, taking advantage of the present situation of his affairs, extorted from him in this parliament some concessions favourable to their liberties, by which his pride was not a little mortified, and his power restricted. But after these transactions, the English eagerly seconded the indignation of their king. Another conquest of Scotland was passionately determined upon. An English army of more than seventy thousand infantry and horsemen speedily advanced, with their sovereign at their head, to Berwick. While this main army was assembling, or advancing on its march, a separate detachment, which the Earl of Pembroke had conducted by sea to the coast of Fife, was there defeated by Wallace.

In the mean time, the Scots, aware of Edward's approach with a mightier force, endeavoured to muster all their strength to oppose him. The most eminent of the barons, who now prepared, with Wallace, to repulse this formidable invasion, were young Comyn of Badenoch; Bruce, who had once more deserted from the English to the cause of his country; Stewart of Bonkill; Graham of Abercorn; and Macduff, grandfather to the young Earl of Fife, and formerly the adversary of Balliol. Bruce, with his vassals, held for the Scots, the important castle of Ayr. The rest hastily drew together their followers in the interior districts.

Edward came onwards with his army. The castle of Dirlتون alone, offered a vigorous resistance to his progress through the south-east counties. It at length surrendered to Beck, Bishop of Durham, to whom its siege had been committed. But Scotland, laid waste

equally by its native inhabitants, and by the invaders, could no longer afford sustenance to the English host. Until his ships, laden with provisions, which followed around the western coasts, should arrive in the Frith of Clyde, Edward was obliged to halt on his march, and to make his troops encamp at Kirkcaldon, between Edinburgh and Linlithgow. Here the insubordination produced by the general dread, that while faint with hunger, they might fall a prey to the enemy, and the mutual dislike and animosity prevailing between the Welsh and the English soldiers, were suddenly inflamed to mutiny and tumult; in which the Welsh massacred, among others of the English, no fewer than eighteen ecclesiastics; the English opposed and retaliated the outrage with a much greater slaughter of the Welsh; and the Welsh then withdrew in anger from obedience to the King's orders, and from the common camp. Edward, seeing his army thus disorderly and disunited, and being disappointed of the arrival of his ships, was reluctantly compelled to command a retreat. But, while he issued his orders for this purpose, news was brought to him, that the Scots had advanced, in great force, to Falkirk.

Retreat, with an hostile army hanging upon his rear, who were peculiarly expert in desultory and irregular fight, would be inevitably accompanied with all the ruin and dishonour of an entire defeat. It was highly probable, that in a pitched battle, the imperfect armour, the rash impetuosity, and the disorder of the Scots, might yield to the English army, even in its present temper and condition, no difficult victory over them. In the circumstances in which Edward saw himself placed, any thing not madly desperate was to be tried, in preference to a flight; by which, the hopes of Scotland would have been lost to him; by which, even in England, the previous discontents of his subjects might have been exasperated and encouraged to open and general rebellion.

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Upon such considerations, Edward was induced to countermand the orders for retreat, and to turn his march against the enemy. On a heath near Linlithgow, his soldiers halting, passed the night under arms. While he himself slept on the ground, beside his war-horse; the animal being accidentally scared, suddenly struck its master with such violence, as to break two of his ribs. An uncertain alarm was immediately spread through the army, and confusion ensued, which might perhaps have hurried them into panic flight, had not Edward, with intrepid promptitude of mind, and with a magnanimous disregard of bodily pain, mounted his horse, shewed himself as uninjured to his troops, and led them instantly on to battle.

The Scots were already drawn out in battle-array on a stony field, near Falkirk. Wallace, and the principal barons who still adhered to him, were at their head. The spearmen were scattered over the field in little circular troops, which extended, each around it, a terrible number and length of pointed weapons. The archers were diffused through the intermediate spaces among the troops of spearmen. Before was a morass; behind they had a reserved force of a thousand cavalry. "I have brought you to the ring, dance, if you can," was the short, soldiery address, with which Wallace, chidingly, encouraged his troops to generous and obstinate valour in the beginning combat. His heroic ardour, and his encouragements, were rendered unavailing, by the inferiority of his force, by the dissensions in his army, and particularly by the jealousy with which he himself now began to be regarded by most of the chieftains.

The strength of the army which Edward led on against the Scottish spearmen and archers, was composed of cavalry. He divided them into three divisions or columns; one commanded by Bigot, Earl Marshal; a second by Beck, Bishop of Durham; the third under the immediate orders of the King himself. Bigot

urging on with the foremost division to attack the Scots, was suddenly stopped short, by the impassable morais, behind which they had posted themselves. In the mean time, Beck with *his* column, avoiding the morais, furiously attacked the left flank of the Scottish infantry. While these made a gallant resistance to the onset, they were assailed on the right, by the troops under Bigot; which had, by this time, likewise found their way round the morais. The Scottish troops of spearmen long kept their ground impenetrable by any efforts of the English; the archers, with their long bows, made a dreadful havock; but their cavalry, terrified by the numbers, and the dreadful aspect of the full-armed cavalry of the English, instead of supporting the infantry, when they saw them sorely pressed, withdrew, with base cowardice or treachery, from the field of battle. At the same time, the whole English army came up to support their two columns which had begun the engagement. All the efforts of Wallace and his brave infantry were overpowered by numbers. Stewart, Macduff, and Graham, fell on the field of battle. Great was the carnage of their followers who fought around them, and even strove to protect their bleeding bodies after they had fallen. Wallace, when he saw every hope lost, endeavoured to rally the broken remains of his army, and conducted them by the way of Stirling, which they burnt, beyond the Forth. This victory, gained by the English, without the loss of any distinguished person on their side, except Le Jay, master of the English Templars,—and the Prior of Torphichen, made them masters of all the southern and mid-land districts of Scotland.

Yet the discomfiture and dispersion of the Scottish army left the English as much in want of provisions, and other necessaries, as they had been before. The expected fleet did not arrive with supplies. After proceeding so far into the western districts, that Bruce, dreading his approach, burnt the castle of Ayr, and retired



retired precipitately into Carrick, Edward was then obliged to return southward, lest his victorious army should perish by famine. As he passed into England, he wasted Annandale, the paternal estate of the Bruces, and took and garrisoned their castle of Lochmaben. But Galloway, and the whole country beyond the Friths of Forth and Clyde, remained still in the possession of those Scots who refused submission to Edward's authority, and resisted his arms.

While Edward was busied in England, with difficulty restraining or soothing the discontents of his subjects, and enticing them, by lavish grants of lands in Scotland, to aid him in the farther conquest of this kingdom, the Scots, on their part, again rallied to defend their liberties, and to expel the English out of their country. Unfortunately, Wallace, overborne by the jealousy of rival barons, having lost, by the fate of war, all the most faithful and most eminent among his personal friends, disgusted with the commanders of the cavalry, by whom he had been deserted in the battle of Falkirk, and losing, in consequence of miscarriage, that popularity which he had gained by success, from this time ceased to enlighten the counsels, and direct the arms of his countrymen. Comyn, Bruce, and Lamberton Bishop of St Andrews, assumed the authority of guardians of Scotland. But the hero, whose exertions had first roused his countrymen to resist the English with the ardour of patriotism, and the erect spirit of independence, was left to skulk alone, in solitary wilds or fastnesses, and to cherish his love of his country, and inextinguishable hatred of its oppressors, in a condition of hopeless dereliction.

## THE FAMOUS LEGEND OF THE CAVE OF ST PATRICK.

[From the Same.]

**T**HIS Cave, as the legend relates, was discovered by an heavenly messenger to St Patrick, while he laboured by preaching, by benevolent deeds, and by miracles, to convert the Irish from Druidism to the Christian faith. The Son of God at the same time revealed to the faithful missionary, that whoever should enter that cave, and spend within it the space of a day and a night, should thus obtain the absolution of all his sins. A monastery was erected by the saint beside the sacred cave, and the custody of the cave was intrusted to the monks. Its fame had been almost forgotten, and its virtues slighted, when a certain soldier, repenting of the crimes of his military life, earnestly requested permission to atone for these by the penance of St Patrick's cave. He was, after some difficulty, at length permitted to enter it, and the gate was again shut upon him. Advancing, he came to a plain, and on that plain perceived a spacious hall. He entered the hall, and for some short space surveyed with wonder the grandeur and beauty of its architecture. But there soon entered to him fifteen grave and reverend men, in the habit of monks. Seating themselves beside him, they praised the resolution with which he had entered the cave; and earnestly warned him, that in the conflict with devils in which he was about to engage, he must certainly perish, soul and body, unless he should retain a firm mind, and should from time to time invoke the name of the Lord Jesus. Having thus warned and encouraged, they left him. Suddenly he heard around the hall, a yelling tumultuous noise, so loud and terrible, as if all the men upon the earth, and all the brute animals, had lifted up their discordant voices together,

gether. No sooner had this noise alarmed his ears, than a vast multitude of hideous dæmons rushed impetuously into the hall, scoffingly accosting him; and when they could not by terror or persuasion drive him from his purpose of remaining for the destined space of time within the *cave*, they then seized and dragged him away eastward to torment him. They conducted him to another plain of immense extent, where he saw a vast multitude of men and women of all ages lying prostrate on the ground, and having their bodies transfixed with nails of red-hot iron, by which they were fastened to the earth: These wretched creatures howled bitterly, gnashed their teeth, and bit the ground in anguish: The dæmons trampled upon them, and tore their flesh with scourges. They would have subjected the *soldier* to the same tortures; but he invoked the name of Jesus, and the devils had then for the moment no power over him. From this scene, however, they forcibly conducted him to another vast plain, equally covered with multitudes of sufferers, but who lay in a supine posture. Fiery dragons hovered over them, and tore their flesh with their bills: Fiery serpents twisted their folds round their bodies, and with their fangs stung them to the heart: Toads uncommonly large, and horribly hideous, crawled upon their breasts, and laboured to tear out their hearts: Dæmons ran about among them, and scourged them with whips, to embitter and augment their pains. From this sight, the *soldier* was conveyed by his dæmon-conductors to another scene, which exhibited a multitude of sinners in torments, whose number was apparently greater than that of all the inhabitants of the earth together. Of these, some hung by chains of fire embracing their feet, legs, hands, or arms, or even fastening them by the head or the hair; others hung upon hooks of red-hot iron, thrust into their ears, nostrils, eyes, jaws, breasts, or testicles, and all amid sulphureous flames; while ministering dæmons still scourged them as they howled,

howled. The wondering soldier was then hurried onwards to where he beheld a vast wheel of red-hot iron, having its spokes covered with hooks, also of iron equally glowing with heat. On these hung a number of wretches who were at once tortured by the burning hooks, and by a sulphureous flame which arose out of the earth beneath them; while dæmons still turned round it with a degree of velocity that made it seem one whirling ball of fire; others were transfixed with spits, and roasted before fires, while the dæmons dropped melted metals upon them; some were burned in furnaces; some boiled in kettles full of liquid pitch and sulphur. From this scene, the wondering but still resolute *soldier* was next carried to the summit of an exceeding high mountain, where he saw a naked multitude of miserable sinners of mankind, exposed, with all the horrors of death upon their minds, to the chilling blasts of the north. Suddenly a furious blast came upon them, and hurried them, with the *soldier* who gazed upon them, from the mountain into a river of cold and scetid water. When they attempted to arise and escape out of the stream, the dæmons eagerly pressed them down, and prevented their flight. Only the *soldier*, invoking the name of Christ, happily reached the bank. He was then quickly conveyed southward by the attending dæmons, to where a noisome sulphureous flame, was seen to arise out of a wide and bottomless pit; it bore up in its current the forms of men half-burnt, and like so many cinders, yet still alive to the acutest feelings of tortures. This, said the dæmons, is the mouth of hell, and our place of abode; here must thou for ever abide with us; enter here, and thou shalt perish soul and body for ever. The *soldier*, unaffrighted, would not yet turn back. The dæmons entered the burning pit, hurrying him with them. As they descended, its width seemed to be continually enlarged. For some moments, the *soldier* here forgot to call upon the name of Christ. At the invocation of that holy name,

name; he was immediately borne aloft by the current of the flame. He was then seized by other devils, and carried to a broad and fiery river, over which was a bridge so slippery, that it was impossible to fix the feet upon it, so narrow that it was impossible to walk upon it, raised to so awful a height above the flaming stream, that to look down was giddiness and horror. The *soldier* invoked the name of Jesus, and walked along the bridge with ease and safety. His trials were now ended, and the baffled dæmons fled from his presence. Thus delivered from their temptations, he now looked and beheld a lofty wall reaching even to heaven, of the most admirable architecture, and materials the most precious. In the wall was one gate, radiant with precious stones, but shut. As he approached, the fragrance of waters issuing out from it, refreshed his weary and exhausted spirits, so as to restore to him the same vivid energy of mind and body, as if he had not been exposed to such terrible trials. The gate was then opened, and there proceeded out of it, in solemn procession, a great company of holy persons, archbishops, bishops, abbots, monks, and priests, and many others of both sexes, bearing in their hands crowns of flowers, and branches with golden fruitage, arrayed also every one in the garments proper for his character. These, with joyful gratulation, received the *soldier*, and conducted him within the gate: As they led him in, they sang, with ravishing harmony, a song of praise and thanksgiving to God who had given him constancy of mind, to meet, without shrinking, the torments and temptations to which he had been exposed. The *soldier* was then conducted by two archbishops to behold the beauties of that heavenly place. The meadows were enchantingly beautiful. Grass and flowers, and fruits and trees of all sorts, overspread the ground in the greatest profusion. There night never comes. Multitudes of persons of both sexes, and of all ages, there continually sing in choirs the praises of their Maker



Maker and their God. Some wore crowns, as kings, some wore garments embroidered richly with gold, some wore robes of divers colours. They all rejoiced, each in his own felicity, and in the salvation and felicity one of another. They all blessed the *soldier*, and testified their joy at his fortitude, and at his escape. There the torrid heat of summer or the chilling cold of winter was never felt. They told him that this place was the terrestrial paradise; that here were those first received who passed through the purifying pains and fires of purgatory; and that all whom he had seen afflicted by the *dæmons* should reach this happy place, except those only who had entered within the mouth of the bottomless pit. His venerable guides then conducted him up the side of a mountain; from the summit of which, they shewed him the gate of the celestial paradise, which he beheld with transported wonder and admiration. After some exhortations to a pious life, they then dismissed him; and he returned unannoyed by the *dæmons* to the hall in which they had first assailed him. He proceeded then to the gate of the cave, which was opened to him by the monks. His subsequent life was pious, and his end happy.

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## THE CHINESE MATRON.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

[From the CITIZEN of the WORLD.]

THE English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgements, for they

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they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpected serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and *Tiffrow* is not more a goddess on the wedding-night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and disappointed in that, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity;

felicity ; wherever Choang came, Hanfi was sure to follow ; and in all the pleasures of Hanfi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined ; and, to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace ; when an accident happened, which in some measure diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity ; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all over in white), fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment ; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. " Alas, (replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears), how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave ! he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands : with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry ; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married ; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home ; adding, that he had



a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest was returned, he imparted to Hanfi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hanfi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hanfi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hanfi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hanfi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hanfi was at first inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk of wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old

old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time Hanfi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin, where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hanfi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hanfi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and, not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment.

## TRAVELS IN EUROPE, AFRICA, AND ASIA.

MADE BETWEEN THE YEARS 1770 AND 1779. BY CHA.  
PETER THUNBERG, M. D.

THIS interesting work, which we were prevented by an accident from noticing before, may be considered as a valuable addition to the various narratives of journeys of curiosity or instruction. The latter, however, in the present instance, chiefly predominates; which may be easily imagined from the author's assurance to the reader in his preface, that he has omitted for the most part to mention what had been related to him by others; confining himself merely to what he has himself done, seen, or experienced. A work of this description may naturally be expected to lose in amusement what it gains on the side of veracity; and accordingly the first two volumes of it, though they contain much important information for the natural historian and the botanist, will hardly supply any very ample fund of entertainment to the general reader. We must except, however, from this stricture, the author's *narrative of his surprising escape from the fury of a bull-buffalo, and the*

*magnanimous self-devotement of a man of the name of Woltemad, a European inhabitant of the Cape, by which the lives of fourteen shipwrecked sailors were saved, though their heroic preserver perished by his perseverance, which are related in the first volume of these travels, and the account of the manner of hunting the buffalo in the second. These we should very gladly have extracted for the entertainment of our readers, but have been anticipated by other works of periodical criticism.*

The parts of this narrative by which the public curiosity will be most eminently excited and gratified, will be found in the third and fourth volumes, which relate chiefly to our traveller's adventures during a twelvemonth's residence at Japan. Every thing becomes interesting which relates to a country separated from every other portion of the globe, not more by the genius of the government than by the stern and irresistible behests of nature.

It appears that the navigation to Japan is the most dangerous in the Indian Seas: during eight or nine months in the year the coast is considered as inaccessible; and for the short season in which it is less dangerous for mariners to approach it, the Dutch, who, excepting the Chinese, are the only strangers admitted there, compute that one out of every five ships freighted thither is doomed to inevitable destruction. That this calculation is not stretched by fear or avarice beyond the truth, appears from a list of losses stated minutely by Dr Thunberg ever since the year 1642; from which this conclusion is demonstrated by the experience of more than a century to be exact.

Of the vigilance exercised by the Government of Japan, both with respect to the property and persons of foreigners, many curious instances are narrated. All persons that arrive, as well as merchandises, are so strictly searched, that the hundred eyes of Argus may be said to be employed on this occasion, when any European goes ashore. He is first searched on board, and afterwards

terwards as soon as he has landed. Both these searches are very strict; so that not only travellers pockets are turned inside out, and the officers hands passed over their clothes along their bodies and thighs, but sometimes even those parts of persons of the lower class are explored which decency should protect. As to slaves, the hair on their heads is likewise examined. The beds are frequently ripped open, and the feathers turned over; iron-spikes are thrust into the butter-tubs and jars of sweetmeats. In the cheese a square hole is cut, and a thick pointed wire forced into it towards every side.

No letters must be sent to or from the ships sealed; for they will be read by the interpreters, as well as other manuscripts. The interpreters themselves must be all Japanese; and therefore they are not very easily induced to connive at frauds.

Religious books, especially if adorned with cuts, it is very dangerous to import; for since the extirpation of Christianity, originally introduced there by the Portuguese, extraordinary pains have been taken, as we shall have occasion to remark more particularly presently, to prevent its re-establishment.

The Dutch themselves have been in a great measure the occasion of all this caution and circumspection; having practised, as it appears, all the above devices, which the most rigorous examination is barely sufficient to restrain.

Of the *suspicious disposition* of the Japanese, our author gives another remarkable instance with respect to himself. By means of the interpreters, and of the officers on the island, he tried to obtain permission to botanise in the plain that encircles the town of Nagasaki, where the Dutch ship was stationed; a liberty not usually granted to any European. In this attempt he seemed in the beginning to be tolerably successful, and actually obtained the governor's permission for this purpose; which, however, shortly after was revoked. The motive



tive for this was ridiculous enough, and was as follows:

The Japanese journals, which had been searched for an example of the privilege petitioned for by Dr Thunberg, supplied apparently a case in point; but on a closer examination it appeared that the person to whom the indulgence had formerly been given, was only a surgeon's mate; and therefore could not from that instance be extended to our author, who was principal surgeon. This advantage, denied at that juncture, Dr T. had the good fortune afterwards to obtain, not less to the emolument of his hosts, than to his own and the public gratification.

That the *Chinese*, who are their near neighbours, and who have from time immemorial traded thither, should resemble them in many particulars, the reader will naturally suppose: the following circumstances are enumerated in which they differ. The Chinese wear *socks*, or *wide jackets*, and *large trowsers*; the Japanese always make use of *night-gowns*. The Chinese wear *boots* made of linen, and *shoes* with upper-leathers; the Japanese go *bare-legged*, with *socks* and *sandals*. Each of these nations has a distinct and separate language, and entirely different religious tenets. On the other hand, they are alike in colour and look, write after the same manner; and have several religious sects and customs in common. Many years ago *emigrations* were very frequent from China to Japan, especially to its southern islands, which are subject to Japan, but make annual presents to the Emperor of China.

Our author might have added another instance of resemblance, their extraordinary *apprehension* and *jealousy of foreigners*; which, though it has sometimes been accounted as a proof of profound *wisdom* and *policy*, we are more inclined to attribute to the *pride of ignorance*; and the consciousness of *inferior energy*, when contending with Europeans.

It is the custom of the Japanese on New-year's day, to practise the horrid ceremony of trampling on such images as represent the *Crucifixion*, and the *Virgin Mary with the Child*. The figures are made of cast copper, and about twelve inches in length. The purpose of this practice is to imprint on every individual an abhorrence of the Christian doctrine, and of the Portuguese, who attempted to propagate it; and at the same time to discover whether any remains of it be yet left in the Japanese. The *trampling* is performed in such places as were formerly most frequented by the Christians. In the town of Nagasaki it continues for four days; after which period, the images are conveyed to the adjacent places, and are then laid by till the following year. Every one, excepting the governor and his train, even the youngest child, is compelled to be present at this ceremony; but that the Dutch, as some have asserted, are required to perform this profane ceremony, has no foundation in truth.

At every place overseers are present, who assemble the people by rotation in certain houses, calling over every one by his name, and seeing that each particular be exactly complied with. Adults walk over the images from one side to the other, and children in arms are put with their feet on them.

Though both reason and religion unite in reprobating this *abominable rite*, which Dr T. thus distinctly describes, yet to the eye of philosophy some symptoms appear in this studied hatred not wholly unfavourable to the *Christian cause*. Had its name and nature been entirely passed over in silence, time might gradually have obliterated every trace of it; especially while foreigners were kept by the jealous character of the government at such an awful distance: but a practice repeated annually with such malignant industry, contributes to keep alive an idea which their policy ought, on the contrary, to try to extinguish, can hardly fail to stimulate

late curiosity, and in time may generate sympathy and kindness.

On the 4th of March 1776, the ambassador set out on his journey to the court at Jedo. The 15th or 16th of the first month of the Japanese year is always fixed upon for commencing this journey. There were only three Europeans who took this journey, Mr Feith, the ambassador, as chief in the commercial department, Dr T. as physician to the embassy, and the secretary Mr Kochler. The rest of the retinue, which consisted of about 200 men, were merely Japanese placemen, interpreters, servants, and valets.

The ambassador, as well as his physician and secretary, travelled in large handsome and lacquered *norimon*s. In Kæmpfer's time, the two latter gentlemen were obliged to perform the journey on horseback exposed to cold, rain, and all the inclemency of the weather. These *norimon*s, or sedan-chairs, are made of thin boards and bamboo canes, in the form of an oblong square, with windows before, and on each side. The side windows are fastened to the doors, through which one may get in and out of the carriage on both sides. Over the roof runs a long-edged pole, by which the vehicle is carried on the bearers shoulders. It is so large, that one may sit in it with ease, and even lie down, though not without, in some measure, drawing up one's legs. It is not only adorned on the inside, but likewise covered on the outside in the most elegant manner, with the most costly silks and velvets; at the bottom lies a mattress covered with cut velvet, and it has a slight covering over it, either of the same materials, or of some costly silk; and behind the back, and on each side, hang oblong cushions, also covered with velvet; in the place where the seat should be, a round cushion is laid with a hole in the middle. In the front there is a shelf or two for an ink-stand, books, and other small articles. The windows at the sides may be let down when fresh air is wanted, and they may be closed

closed both by silk curtains, and by rolling curtains made of bamboos, when the person in the carriage wishes not to be seen. Sitting long in this commodious vehicle seldom proves tiresome. The porters that bear it on their shoulders are in number according to the rank of the person they carry, from six to twelve and more; and when there are more, some of them walk by the sides, for the purpose of relieving the others during the journey. While they are bearing the norimon, they sing some air together, which makes them keep up a brisk and even pace.

Besides the articles which had been sent from Nagasaki by water there were carried, partly on horseback and partly by porters on foot, small chests of clothes, lanthorns to use in the dark, a stock of wine, ale, and other liquors for daily consumption, and a Japanese apparatus for tea, in which water might be boiled on the road. The Europeans, however, seldom use this great relaxer of the stomach, preferring a glass of red wine or Dutch ale; and therefore a bottle of each of these was provided, and put into the fore-part of the norimons, at the feet of each traveller; as also a small oblong lacquered box, with a doubled slice of bread and butter, of the same form. Every one that travels in this country, must carry his bed with him. It was necessary for our travellers to make a great shew in this respect, in order to support the dignity of the Dutch East India Company, and accordingly the bedding consisted of coverlids, pillows, and mattresses, covered with the richest open-worked velvets and silks.

Their Japanese companions, who went either on horseback or on foot, were provided with a hat in the form of a cone, and tied under the chin; a fan or umbrella, and sometimes a very wide coat made of oiled paper, to keep out the rain; this coat is as light as a feather.

In this manner they travelled, excepting during that part of their journey which was to be made by sea,  
till

till they arrived at Jedo, the metropolis of Japan; which was more than 300 leagues distant from the place of their departure. After a residence of more than twenty days in this city, the day of audience was appointed; to which however only the ambassador himself was admitted. The whole of it consisted merely in this, that as soon as the ambassador entered the room, in the most interior part of which the Emperor stood, with the Hereditary Prince at his right hand, he fell on his knees, laying his hand on the mat, and bowing his head down to it, in the same manner as the Japanese themselves are used to testify their subjection and respect. The ambassador then rose, and was conducted back to the drawing-room, by the same way that he went to it.

With respect to the *government* of Japan, Dr T. informs us, that Kubo, or the secular Emperor, to whom the Dutch ambassador was presented, is lord of the whole country, and under him rules a prince or governor in each province. If any of these is guilty of misdemeanours, he is amenable to the Emperor, who has a right to dismiss him; to banish him to some island; or even to inflict capital punishment upon him. It is farther incumbent upon all these princes to perform a journey once every year to the imperial court, to reside there six months, and to keep their whole family there constantly, as hostages for their allegiance.

Besides this monarch, there is a spiritual, or celestial emperor, whose power at present is totally confined to the concerns of religion and the church establishment; although this spiritual regent, or pope, derives his descent in a direct and uninterrupted line from the ancient rulers of this country for upwards of 2000 years back.

The veneration which is entertained for Dairi, for that is the title by which he is distinguished, falls little short of the divine honours that are paid to the gods themselves. He seldom goes out of his palace, his person



son being considered as too sacred to be exposed to the view of any human creature. If he has absolute occasion to go abroad, he is carried upon mens shoulders, that he may not come into contact with the earth. He is brought into the world, lives and dies within the precincts of his court, the boundaries of which he never once exceeds during his whole life. His hair, nails, and beard, are accounted so sacred, that they are never suffered to be cleansed or cut by day-light; but this, whenever it happens, must be done by stealth, during the night, and whilst he is asleep. His Holiness never eats twice off the same plate, nor uses any vessel for his meals a second time; they being, for the most part, broken to pieces immediately after they have been used, to prevent their falling into unhallowed hands. For this reason, the furniture of his table consists of a cheap and inferior sort of porcelaine. His clothes are distributed among those who reside at his court. Scarcely any one besides knows his name till long after his death. He has twelve wives, one of whom is Empress. The pomp of his court is considerable, though it has been lately much retrenched by the secular emperor.

Besides the allowance he now receives from Kubo's treasury, he acquires immense sums by the conferring of titles. The right of bestowing these remains to this day vested in him alone. Even Kubo himself and the Hereditary Prince receive titles at his hand, as do likewise, at Kubo's recommendation, the highest officers of state at his court.

*Paganism* is the established religion throughout the whole empire of Japan; but their sects are numerous, and very opposite in their tenets, though they all live together in the utmost harmony and concord. The Dairi, like the Pope, is the head of the church, and appoints the principal priests. The number of their fictitious deities is such, that almost every trade has its own tutelary divinity; like the *Dii majorum* and  
*minorum*

*minorum gentium* of the Greeks and Romans. The Japanese are not indeed entirely ignorant of the existence of an eternal or omnipotent Being, but their knowledge is much obscured by fable and superstition. He is represented in one of the temples of this country by a wooden image of such an amazing magnitude, that six men can sit cross-legged in the Japanese fashion upon its wrist; and it measures ten yards in breadth across the shoulders. In another temple, the infinite power of the Deity is represented by a multitude of inferior deities, who stand round him on every side, to the number of 33,333.

The priests are numerous, although they have little or no employment, but to keep their temples clean, to light the fires and the lamps, and to present such flowers as are consecrated to the idol, and which they believe to be most agreeable to him. No sermons are preached, or hymns sung, in the temples; but they are left open all day for the accommodation of such as wish to offer up their prayers, or to leave their offerings. Nor are strangers denied admittance there; even the Dutch were accommodated with lodgings in them in their journey towards Jedo, when the inns in the smaller villages were full.

Besides the priests employed in the temples, there are also both monks and nuns, of which the order of blind monks dispersed over the whole empire, is the most singular, and probably not to be paralleled in the whole world.

With respect to *food*, the principal animal diet of the Japanese is fish and fowl, very few domestic quadrupeds being found amongst them. Tea and sacki-beer are their sole liquors. This beer is prepared from rice, is tolerably clear, and not a little resembles wine, but has a very singular taste. The tea which they commonly use is the green, fresh gathered, and ground to powder, and put in its pulverized state into a can of boiling water; it is then stirred with a stick, and poured

poured into tea-cups; it must be drank immediately, that the green powder may not settle to the bottom.

"The tea-shrub, (says Dr T.) grows wild in every part of the country; and the leaves are gathered annually at three different seasons. The first harvest commences the beginning of March, when the leaves beginning to push forth, possess a viscous quality, and are gathered solely for persons of rank and opulence: these take the name of Imperial Tea. A month after this, the second harvest takes place, when the leaves are full grown, but are still thin, tender, and well-flavoured. The principal harvest is the last, when the greatest quantity is gathered, the leaves having all pushed forth completely, and become very thick and stout. The older the leaves are, however, and the later in the year the gathering is made, the greater abundance they yield; but the tea is so much the worse."

Perhaps it may contribute to the entertainment of our readers, if we subjoin, as a proper appendage to this account of Dr Thunberg's, a description of the harvests of the Bohea tea; which we received from a very ingenious and intelligent traveller, who has before amply gratified the public by his journey to and from India by land, and who is lately returned in the embassy from China.

"The Bohea tea grows on a shrub, which is distinct from the green; and there are four harvests of it. The first is of the tender buds in the spring, which have a very high perfume, and are called Pekoe. The second is of the delicate and half-grown leaf, which is the Souchong. The Congo is the leaf when it is full grown; and when it is fallen "into the scar," and begins to decline, it is called Bohea."

But we return to Dr Thunberg. He tells us that the laws of the Japanese are rigid, and the police equally vigilant; so that hardly any country exhibits fewer instances of vice. No respect whatever is paid

to persons, and the laws preserve their original purity, without any changes or explanations.

Most crimes are punished with death, fines and pecuniary mulcts being regarded as equally repugnant to justice and reason; as the rich are by that means freed from all punishment. Murder is punished with death; and if the crime be perpetrated in a town, not only the murderer himself, but sometimes his relations and dependents, partake in his punishment. To draw a sword upon any one, is likewise a capital offence. Smuggling is punished with death without mercy, which is extended to all concerned in the traffic. The general mode of execution is private decapitation with a scymitar in prison, although crucifixion and other painful modes of death are sometimes practised in public. Those whose crimes do not merit death, are either sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, or else banished to some distant island, and all their property is confiscated. The prisons, as in other countries, are gloomy and horrid, but the rooms are kept clean and wholesome, and consist of an apartment for the trial by torture, and another for private executions, a kitchen, a dining-room, and a bath.

On the topic of *Agriculture*, Dr T. remarks, that there is no part of the world where manure is gathered with greater care than in Japan. The cattle are fed at home the whole year round, so that all their dung is contained in the farm-yard; and it is a very common sight to observe old men and children following the horses that are travelling, with a shell fastened to the end of a stick, collecting the ordure, which is carried home in a basket. Even urine is here carefully collected in large earthen pots, which are found sunk in the earth in different places, both in the villages and by the roads. The manure thus collected is not carried into the fallow-fields, to have its nutritive qualities weakened by the evaporation of its volatile salts and oily particles; but is taken in a semi-fluid state upon

upon the land in large pails, and poured as with a ladle upon the plant, which has now attained to the height of about six inches, and receives the whole benefit of the compost; while the liquor penetrates immediately to the root.

It has been already observed, that there are few quadrupeds in Japan, either wild or tame. Our author relates, that a young wolf was exhibited at Jedo as an extraordinary and terrific monster. The small number of horses to be met with there is chiefly for the use of their princes; and hardly equals throughout the whole country the sum-total of what may be found in every large town in Europe. They seem to have still fewer oxen and cows; and neither make use of their flesh, nor yet of their milk, nor of the cheese, butter, or tallow, which they furnish. They are solely employed in drawing carts, and ploughing such fields as lie almost constantly under water. A very few swine are to be seen in the vicinity of Nagasaki, which were probably introduced by the Chinese. Sheep and goats are not to be found in the whole country; the latter being apt to do mischief to a cultivated land, and wool being easily dispensed with where cotton and silk abound. Dogs, the only idlers in this country, are kept from superstitious motives; and cats are the favourites of the ladies.

As to the state of the *Sciences* in Japan, astronomy is in great favour and repute, though the natives cannot compose a perfect kalendar without the assistance of the Chinese and Dutch almanacks, or compute to minutes and seconds an eclipse of the sun or moon. Medicine has not, nor is likely to attain to any degree of eminence; with anatomy they are totally unacquainted; botany, and the knowledge of remedies, constitutes the whole of their medical information. Of natural philosophy and chemistry, they have no other ideas than those which they have lately collected from the physicians of Europe. The science of war is very



simple with these Orientals; courage, and the love of their country, making amends for their ignorance of tactics. The art of printing is very ancient in this country, but they use plates for this purpose, having no knowledge of moveable types. They print only on one side of the paper, on account of its thinness. With engraving they are acquainted; but in the art of drawing are vastly inferior to the Europeans. Surveying they understand tolerably well, and possess accurate maps, both of their country in general and of its towns. They write like the Chinese from top to bottom, and then down again, beginning at the right hand, and so proceeding to the left, forming their letters with a hair pencil and Indian ink.

Poetry is a favourite study with this nation, and they employ it to perpetuate the memory of their gods and heroes. Music is likewise held in high estimation, but they have made little progress in this science. Their instruments are drums, fifes, bells, horse-bells, a kind of lute with four strings; and the koto, which resembles our dulcimer, and is struck with sticks.

The dress of the Japanese consists every where of long and wide night-gowns, one or more of which are worn by people of every age and condition of life. The rich have them of the finest silk, and the poor of cotton. The women wear them reaching down to the feet, and the women of quality frequently with a train. Travellers, soldiers, and labouring people, either tuck them up, or wear them so short, that they reach only to their knees. The men generally have them made of a plain silk of one colour, but the silken stuffs worn by the women are flowered, and interwoven with gold flowers. The men seldom wear many of them; but the women often from thirty to fifty or more, and all so thin, that together they hardly weigh more than four or five pounds. These night-gowns are fastened about the waist by a belt, which for the men is about the breadth of a hand, and for the women about twelve inches,

inches, and of such a length as to go twice round the body, with a large knot and rose. The knot worn by the fair sex is larger than that worn by the men; the married women wear this knot before, and the single behind. The men fasten to this belt their sabre, fan, tobacco-pipe, pouch, and medicine-box. The gowns are rounded off about the neck, without a cape, open before, and shew the bosom, which is always bare.

Men of a higher rank have, besides these long night gowns, a short half-gown, which is worn over the other, and made of gauze, or some thin stuff. It is like the former at the sleeves and neck, but reaches only to the waist, and is tied before and at the top with a string. This half gown is sometimes of a green, but most frequently of a black colour.

The breeches are of a peculiar kind of stuff, thin, but very close, and compact, and made of a species of hemp. They have more the appearance of a petticoat, being sewed between the legs, and left open at the sides to about two-thirds of their length. They reach down to the ancles, and are fastened about the waist with a band, which is carried round the body. At the back part of these breeches is a thin triangular piece of board, scarcely six inches long, covered with the same stuff as the breeches, and standing against the back just above the band. The breeches are either striped with brown or green, or else uniformly black.

As the night-gowns reach down to the feet, and consequently keep the thighs and legs warm, stockings are neither wanted or used in this country. However, soldiers and travellers, who have not such long dresses, wear spatter-dashes made of cotton stuff.

The shoes, or rather slippers, of the Japanese, are the most indifferent part of their dress. They are made of rice-straw woven; though sometimes, for people of distinction, of fine slips of rattan. They consist of a sole without upper-leather or hind-piece; forward they are crossed by a strap, of the thickness of the finger,

lined with linen ; from the tip of the shoe to this strap, a cylindrical string is carried, which passes between the great and second toe, and keeps the shoe fast on the foot. As these shoes have no hind-piece, they make a noise when people walk in them like slippers.

For travelling the shoes are furnished with three strings, made of twisted straw, with which they are fastened to the legs and feet. These shoes are soon wetted through when the roads are dirty ; and a great number of them worn out are seen lying on the roads. The Japanese never enter their houses with their shoes on, but leave them in the entry, or place them on a bench near the door.

This people's mode of dressing their hair is as peculiar to them, and as general, as the use of night-gowns. The men shave the whole of their head, from the forehead down to the nape of their neck ; and what is left near the temples and in the neck is well greased, turned up, and tied at the top of the head with several rounds of white string, made of paper. The end of the hair that remains above the tie is cut off to about the length of one's finger, and after being well stiffened with oil, bent in such a manner, that the tip is brought to stand against the crown of the head, by means of the string above mentioned. Priests and physicians shave their heads all over.

The Japanese have always their coat-of-arms put on their cloaks, and on their long and short night-gowns, either on the arms, or between the shoulders, to prevent their being stolen or mistaken, which, in a country of such uniformity of habit, might easily happen.

Instead of a handkerchief, they constantly use thin and soft writing-paper, with which they wipe their mouths and fingers, and the sweat from their bodies.

The Japanese do not seem at present to have attained to any high degree of civilization and improvement. Agriculture, so far as relates to tillage, they appear to practise with great success, but of commerce they

they have very false and confined ideas. Our author gives them an excellent character for their moral qualities and disposition.

Dr T. returned to Batavia in 1777, after a year's residence at Japan, and went to the house of his friend Dr Hoffman, with whom he had lived during his first visit thither. It is an extraordinary proof he mentions of the unhealthiness of this baleful climate, that of thirteen persons with whom he had dined before his departure, eleven had been carried off by fevers in the space of three weeks, one of whom was Dr H.'s lady.

Dr T. soon after obtained an opportunity of making a voyage to Ceylon, concerning the natural history of which, he mentions many curious and interesting particulars. He says, there is at Colombo a species of palm, called the Palm Licuala, which produces very large leaves, and rivals in this respect the cocoa-tree itself. One single leaf is large enough to shelter six persons from the rain. It may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher, when bursting forth into blossom from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon; after which it shoots forth branches on every side, to the surprising height of 36 or 40 feet.

This is certainly very extraordinary; but we do not therefore refuse our assent to it, any more than to the account of the extreme tenuity of the female dresses at Japan, of which the dancing girls are said to have a dozen hanging at their girdles, without any impediment to their motions; or to the description of the delicacy of the cotton stuffs in another place, which is such, that six shirts made of it may be grasped in the palm of the hand.

The Natural History delivered in this work, and particularly the botanical part of it, seems to have been collected with diligence and accuracy; though we were surprised at finding an animal at *mature* mentioned

as an ape, which is afterwards described as having a very long tail; which determines it, according to the settled distinction among naturalists, to appertain to the tribe of monkeys.

Our author returned to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope.

We have now finished our account of this publication, of which we have given an abstract in preference to quotations; as we thought it would be more satisfactory to the generality of our readers.

The first two volumes of these voyages, which treat of the Cape, and of Batavia, we have forborne to consider in detail, both because they were published a long time before the sequel and conclusion of the work, and because they relate to countries that have already been frequently and minutely described.

THE END.





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